

LIFE



PATTON

JANUARY 15, 1945

10

CENTS

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© 1945 The Studebaker Corporation

It's a jungle "Weasel" too!

IN the forbidding tropical undergrowth of the Pacific islands, Studebaker's amazing new Weasel personnel and cargo carrier is now in action with our armed forces.

It's advancing, as it has been doing in Europe, over terrain that seems impossible for any mechanized military vehicle to negotiate.

Swiftly and stealthily, the Weasel glides forward in mud and swamp as well as on sand and snow. And it floats like a boat in lakes and rivers, as its powerful Studebaker Champion engine propels it from shore to shore.

A many-purpose vehicle, this new "Champion" in invasion warfare not only transports men and supplies but also serves to carry wounded back to hospital areas. It's geared to clamber up seemingly impossible grades on its flexible rubber-padded tracks. With its help, light artillery pieces,

and the ammunition to feed them, can often be moved up to otherwise inaccessible positions.

Built by Studebaker and powered by the famous Studebaker Champion engine, the Weasel is just one of a number of Studebaker war production assignments which include Wright Cyclone engines for the famous Boeing Flying Fortress as well as heavy-duty Studebaker military trucks.

Awarded To All  Studebaker Plants

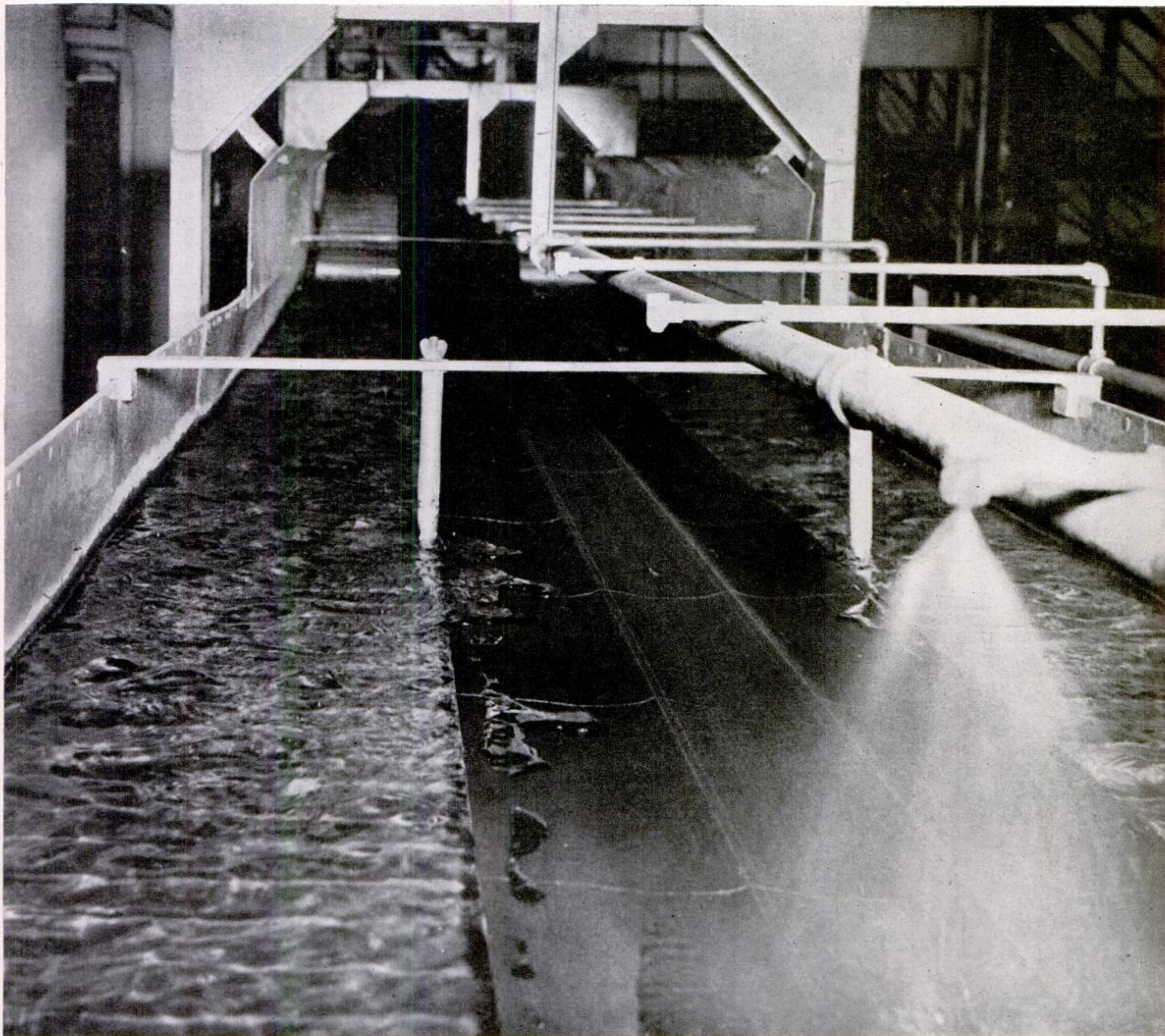
Studebaker
PIONEER AND PACEMAKER IN AUTOMOTIVE PROGRESS

Now building Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress—heavy-duty Studebaker military trucks—the Army's versatile personnel and cargo carrier, the Weasel.



Your War Bonds help keep the Flying Fortresses flying

Keep on buying War Bonds and keep the War Bonds you buy. They're the world's best investment. Every \$3 you invest pays you back \$4.



Where tire treads go swimming

**No other rubber company makes tires this "odd" way . . .
a typical B. F. Goodrich improvement**

B. F. GOODRICH engineers put a "river in a factory" to make tires that wear longer. Soft, uncured rubber for tire treads—the part that rolls on the road—used to be squeezed out through an opening, like tooth paste out of a tube. The opening gives the right shape.

But the rubber always had to be worked, or "milled," a long time before

it was soft enough to squeeze through—and milling always takes some of the strength from it. Even the largest and best tire manufacturers had long accepted this as an unavoidable loss of quality.

Then B. F. Goodrich men developed a machine that *rolls* the rubber through the opening instead of squeezing it through. It can handle firmer, tougher dough, with much less milling. Then

they added the water conveyor shown above, to carry the tread away from the machine. A continuous stream of rubber flows into the water and floats along with it—carried without being distorted or strained while it is still new and hot.

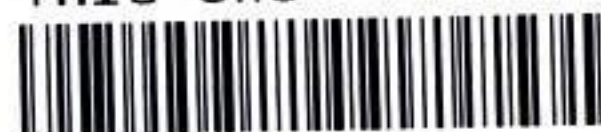
No other tire is made today with this new kind of tread. It's one of the reasons why B. F. Goodrich synthetic-rubber tires are wearing so well today. Another, of course, is the fact that B. F. Goodrich made and sold tires containing synthetic rubber three years ahead of every other manufacturer.

Continuous research at B. F. Good-

rich has just one purpose—better tires—for cars, trucks, farm or special purposes. Because B. F. Goodrich all-synthetic tires are backed by this policy of constant improvement, they give you extra wear, extra safety, extra value. The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio.

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

This One

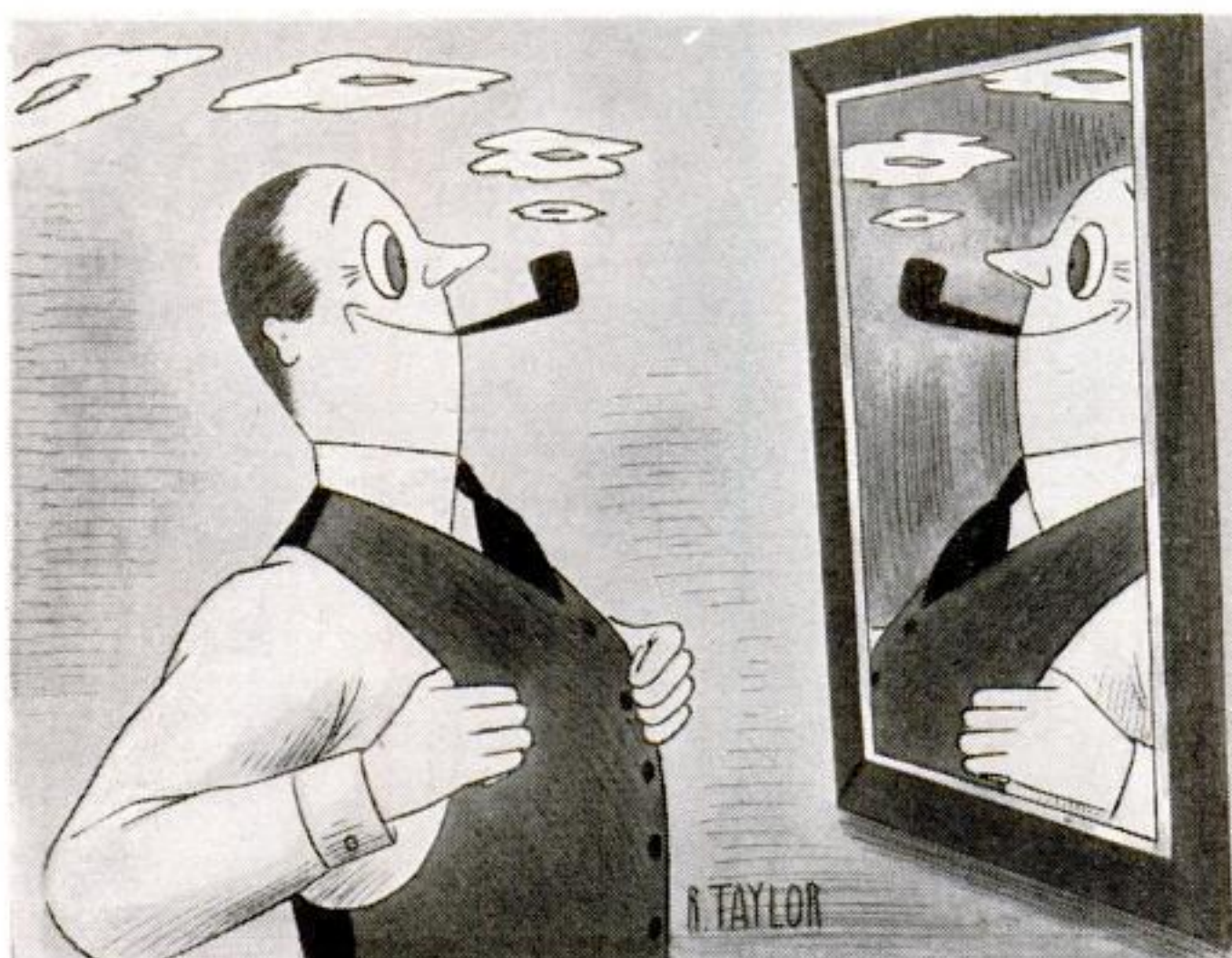


QZBT-AF3-EFD4

PIPE TYPES.... by R. TAYLOR



THE SMOKING SNOB. Has his pipes exclusively designed, buys tobacco at \$10 a pound. So concerned with pipe-smoking *prestige*—he misses out on *pleasure*. Someday he'll learn that any old pipe—packed with *Briggs*—provides the summit of smoking satisfaction!



THE HAPPY CONVERT. Flirted with pipe-smoking for years, but couldn't catch on. One day he tried Briggs. Now he's wedded to a pipe—and Briggs—for life! Here's why: Briggs is aged in casks of oak for YEARS, *extra-aged for extra flavor*. Try Briggs—yourself!

BRIGGS

A LUXURY TOBACCO
AT A POPULAR PRICE



PRODUCT OF
F. LORILLARD
CO.



"WHEN A FELLER
NEEDS A FRIEND"

CASK-MELLOWED EXTRA LONG FOR EXTRA FLAVOR

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

A CHRISTMAS FABLE

Sirs:

Please accept my humble thanks for your editorial, "A Christmas Fable" (LIFE, Dec. 25). There is hope for the world as long as magazines such as yours have the courage fearlessly to proclaim what all of us need to hear in these days. I read this message, without additional remark, to the congregation of the Second Congregational Church of Derby, Conn., of which I am pastor, at our Christmas Eve service of carols and candles. I found it said what I wanted to say, but much more feelingly and fully than I am able to do. This charge and appeal carries more weight than will all the sermons preached by ministers and priests, for you speak as laymen—from the heart.

LEE J. SMALLSREED JR.

Derby, Conn.

HOSPITAL ON LEYTE

Sirs:

We should have lots and lots more pictures like those of "Hospital on Leyte" (LIFE, Dec. 25). I was completely transported from my comfortable Christmas tree, radio program, living-room scene to this place of pain and suffering.

MRS. JAMES MCSWEENEY

St. Clair Shores, Mich.

Sirs:

If I had 36 copies of LIFE I would send "Hospital on Leyte" with my compliments to everyone who appeared in your article, "Billy Rose Has Big First Night."

The contrast particularly for those like ourselves who had a member of the family on Leyte or in Luxembourg or Belgium on Christmas Day is enough to make one retch.

BASSETT JONES

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

Your picture of the church-hospital at Leyte was very touching. I am sending a picture of our chapel in the Aleutians, which gives no hint of war or



ALEUTIAN CHAPEL

Army life. Save for barren surroundings of desolate, rolling tundra, it could well be located in any small U. S. city.

This Christmas hundreds of servicemen—many long miles from their hometown churches—came here to worship.

CPL. PAUL B. LOWNY

c/o Postmaster
Seattle, Wash.

"WALKIN' PREACHER OF THE OZARKS"

Sirs:

Could the editors, Author Guy Howard or Mrs. Mary Herd send us a recipe, explanation or construction plan of "striped gravy" mentioned in your article, "Walkin' Preacher of the Ozarks" (LIFE, Dec. 25).

THE WACS IN 112

Fort Myer, Va.

● To a white sauce made with milk and flour add bacon or ham drippings mixed with molasses or brown sugar. Stir to get striped effect.—ED.

GREECE

Sirs:

In translating the inscription on the EAM banner in the story "Civil War Breaks Out in Greece" LIFE gave an entirely erroneous conception by translating one of the words as "change" when it should have been "chains."

The correct translation is, "When the people find themselves before the danger of tyranny, they choose either chains or the arms of the EAM."

CPL. HARRY S. TSUCALAS

Dow Field, Maine

Sirs:

Publications are using the term ELAS from half a dozen to a dozen times in an article about Greece without ever thinking that there might be people in the U. S. uninformed as to the meaning of ELAS.

C. G. SCHIETINGER

Weimar, Texas

● ELAS is taken from *Hellenikos Laïkos Apeleutherotikos Stratos*, which mean Greek Popular Liberation Army.—ED.

LAUREN FORD

Sirs:

I wish you to know that I personally feel deeply appreciative of the winsome and appropriate portfolio of religious paintings by Lauren Ford which appeared in LIFE, Dec. 25.

REVEREND MICHAEL MORAN
Salina, Kan.

Sirs:

Lauren Ford's paintings gave so much pleasure to the children in our school. It is a great satisfaction to realize that through your magazine they will be enjoyed by so many people throughout the country.

DOROTHY COIT

New York, N. Y.

GERMAN PROPAGANDA

Sirs:

This psychological brainstorm (see cuts, p. 4) was prepared in Germany and sent to the Fifth Army front for distribution. A three-man German patrol was assigned to the hazardous mission of circulating these LIFE and death

(continued on p. 4)

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LIFE
January 15, 1945

Volume 18
Number 3

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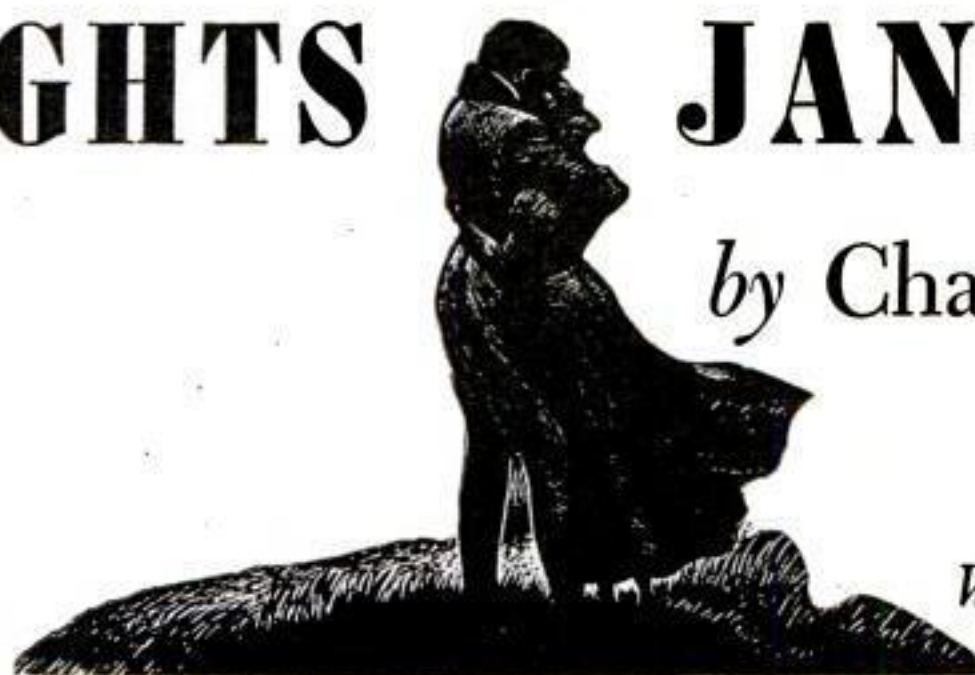
This Beautiful Edition of Two Immortal English Novels

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

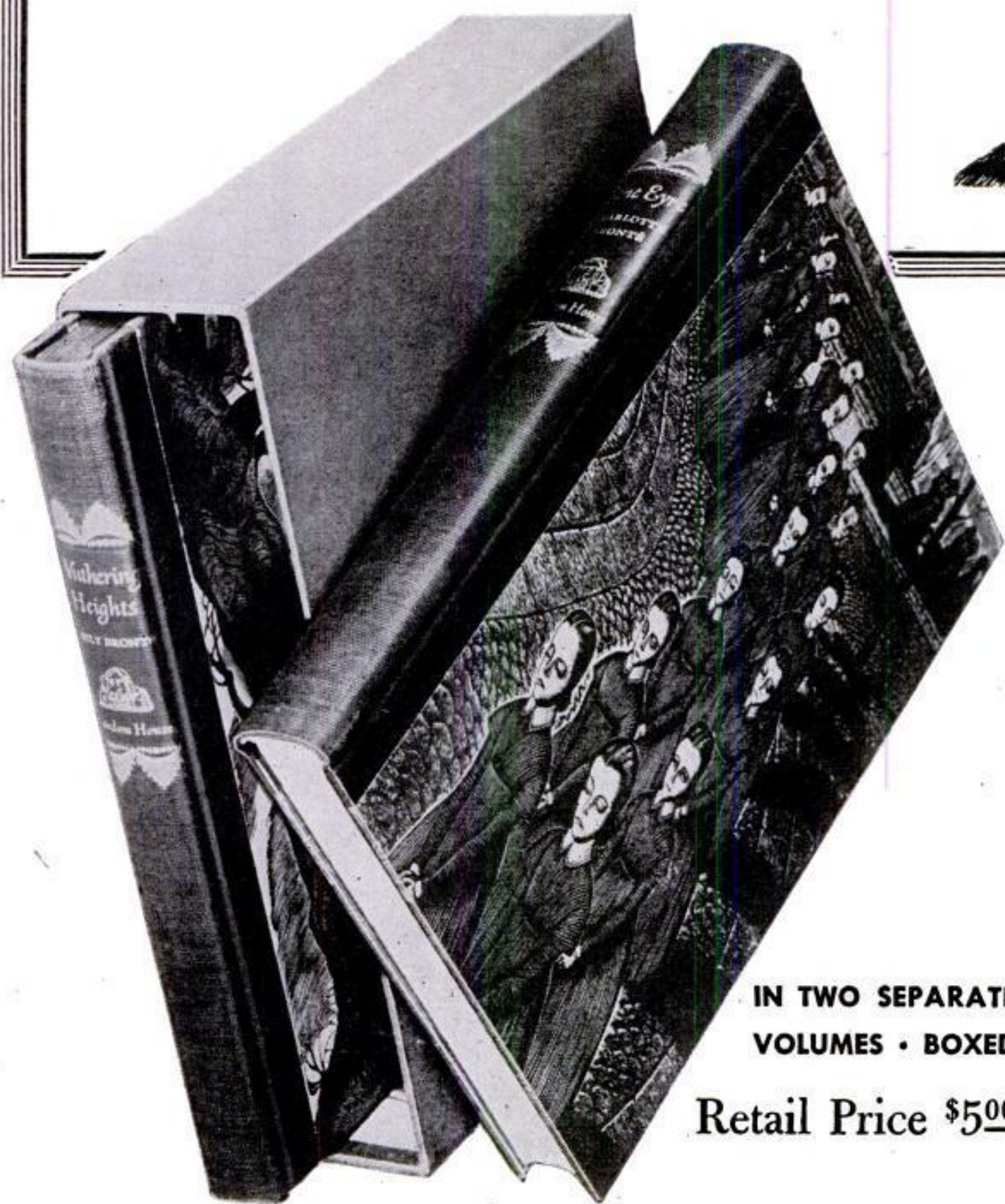
by Emily Brontë

JANE EYRE

by Charlotte Brontë



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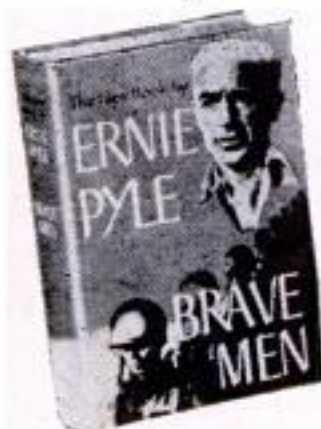
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Last year the retail value of free books given to Club members was over \$8,000,000—given, not sold! These book-dividends could be distributed free because so many subscribers ordinarily want the book-of-the-month that an enormous edition can be printed. The saving on this quantity-production enables the Club to buy the right to print *other fine* library volumes. These are then manufactured and distributed free among subscribers—one for every two books-of-the-month purchased.

You pay no yearly fee as a member. Your one obligation is that you must buy no fewer than four books-of-the-month in any twelve-month period. Your subscription to the Book-of-the-Month Club is not for one year, but as long as you decide; you can end it at any time after taking four books-of-the-month. You pay for the books as you get them—the regular retail price (frequently less) plus a small charge to cover postage and other mailing expenses. (Prices are slightly higher in Canada.)

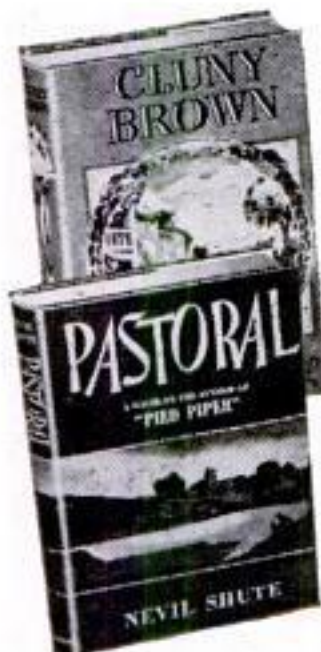
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All recent Book-of-the-Month Club selections!



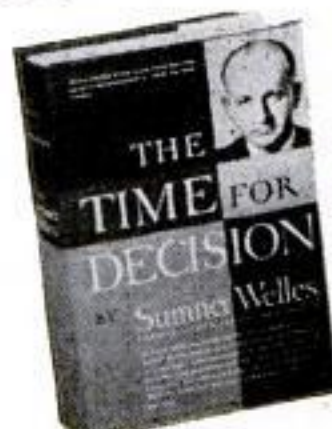
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BY ERNIE PYLE
\$3.00

"This book for thousands and thousands of us, who have sons or friends' sons in this war, will be the source book of what happened to them, as they saw it. This is the first-hand reporting which will never be equalled by stories told afterwards."—Henry Seidel Canby



CLUNY BROWN
BY MARGERY SHARP
and
PASTORAL
BY NEVIL SHUTE
(double selection)
COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS
\$3.00

Says Christopher Morley, "You will lose your heart to *Cluny Brown*," the gaunt English parlor-maid who has no conception of the things that Aren't Done. And Henry Seidel Canby calls *Pastoral* "wholly charming, one of the freshest and most natural love affairs in recent fiction."



**THE TIME FOR
DECISION**
BY SUMNER WELLES
\$2.75

The former Assistant Secretary of State's sweeping analysis of the role America must now take in world affairs. Only a handful of men in the world have had access to the information on which this book is based.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

covers on our side of the line, leaving the little jewels on trails and similar prominent places where we of the 362nd Infantry would be sure to find them.

The "prophets" who brought these particular copies across the lines for our "enlightenment" met with an ironical disaster in the shape of some skeptical

Scrooge in his countinghouse with a much later than 1843 wall clock and gas burners on the walls. We see him before his mantel of 1880s, sitting in a ghastly leather chair of the 1890s. The mantel is surmounted by a much later than 1843 clock. We see him looking out from the window of a modern city house of the French style in which are beautiful lace curtains, yet Dickens was at pains to explain that Scrooge lived in dusty chambers, the other parts of which were inhabited only in the daytimes and by business offices.

WINIFRED LOVERING HOLMAN
Lexington, Mass.

● Dickens in his preface to *A Christmas Carol* explained that his aim was to "raise the Ghost of an Idea." By the same token LIFE and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer strove mainly to recreate the spirit rather than the exact setting of his Christmas classic.—ED.

VON RUNDSTEDT

Sirs:

In Mr. Cort's article on von Rundstedt, "The Last Prussian" (LIFE, Dec. 25), he writes that while von Paulus was captured in the Russians' "double envelopment" at Stalingrad, the Roman Paulus, against whom Hannibal first applied the principle, got away.

According to the ancient account it was not Paulus who escaped but his colleague Varro, the man responsible for the defeat. Paulus preferred to die in battle rather than return to Rome to report the disaster which he had foreseen and tried to prevent.

JEAN HOLZWORTH

Port Chester, N. Y.

● In the famous battle of Cannae near Bari in eastern Italy in 216 B. C. the Romans were led by their consuls, Paulus and Varro. Hannibal with a much smaller number of men brilliantly outmaneuvered and destroyed the Roman army. Varro managed to escape with 70 cavalymen but Paulus died on the field. Hannibal paid the highest honors to his remains.—ED.

CLINTON'S CAFETERIAS

Sir:

You have done our places high honor in "LIFE Visits Clifton's Cafeterias" (Nov. 27). May we take this occasion to express our sincere appreciation and correct one inadvertency.

You state, "After his cafeterias in San Francisco failed . . . Clifton went down to Los Angeles. . ."

The Clinton Cafeterias in San Francisco have never failed . . . are still operating profitably.

Up to this time it is a pleasure to say that no business undertaking with which I have been associated has failed.

Again our thanks to LIFE.

CLIFFORD E. CLINTON
Hollywood, Calif.

Time, LIFE, Fortune and the Architectural Forum have been cooperating with the War Production Board ever since Jan., 1943, on the conservation of paper. During the year 1944 these four publications of the Time group were budgeted to use 73,000,000 pounds (1,450 freight carloads) less paper than in 1942. In view of resulting shortages of copies, please share your copy of LIFE with your friends.

How to fight a cold

Temporary relief measures are good—but these 5 steps actually help your system *throw off a cold*. Lemons help with all 5 steps.

5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1 Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which combats fatigue and fights infection.
2 Alkalinize your system.	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms <i>sodium citrate</i> , an excellent alkalizer.
3 Insure regular elimination.	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4 Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5 Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

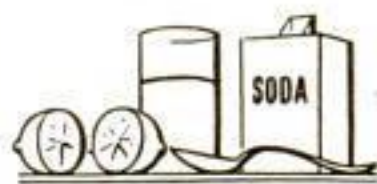
TRY THIS NEW COLD ROUTINE WITH LEMON AND SODA

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate*. Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising*.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add — slowly — half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD
TAKE LEMONS

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS



California
Sunkist
Lemons



GERMAN PROPAGANDA
FRONT & BACK

91st Division doughboys. Two of the three "missionaries" were shot dead; a mackerel and the third was captured! We allowed the latter to keep one of his copies, for sober and serious reflection.

The unbiased, expert committee of 91st "Powder River" Division GIs to whom these little mash notes were submitted agreed unanimously that the unholy wench who posed for the pictures on the front is far more gruesome than the merry old gaffer on the reverse side.

BERNIE SMITH

Italian Front

"CHRISTMAS CAROL"

Sirs:

I especially enjoyed *A Christmas Carol* (LIFE, Dec. 25) because I am a teacher and my eighth-grade class happens to be reading this traditional Christmas story. There is one thing though that didn't meet with my approval. That is the absence of the fireplace tiles with their Biblical pictures in Scrooge's house. They are just as important as Marley's face on the door knocker!

MARY L. CRETENS

Gladstone, Mich.

Sirs:

As children we always read *A Christmas Carol* aloud but now that we are older and lazier we have been listening, for some years and with much pleasure, to the radio rendition by Mr. Lionel Barrymore & Co. But the pictures in this issue of LIFE will probably spoil any future listenings with pleasure. The *Carol* was written in 1843, yet we see old

BICYCLES AND AUTOMOBILES REPAIRED

In 1903

there was no such thing as "automotive service" . . . not as we know it today. True, there were blacksmiths, bicycle repair men, and other assorted "motor car experts." But they worked mostly "by guess and by gosh," with only the crudest of equipment. It's remarkable their results were as good as they were, considering the handicaps. Fortunately, the most popular cars on the road were Oldsmobiles. And even in those days, Oldsmobile cars were quality-built . . . built to keep running *despite* the lack of service facilities.



Today- YOUR OLDSMOBILE DEALER IS A SPECIALIST, WITH MEN SPECIALLY TRAINED AND EQUIPMENT SPECIALLY DESIGNED TO KEEP YOUR WARTIME CAR ROLLING!

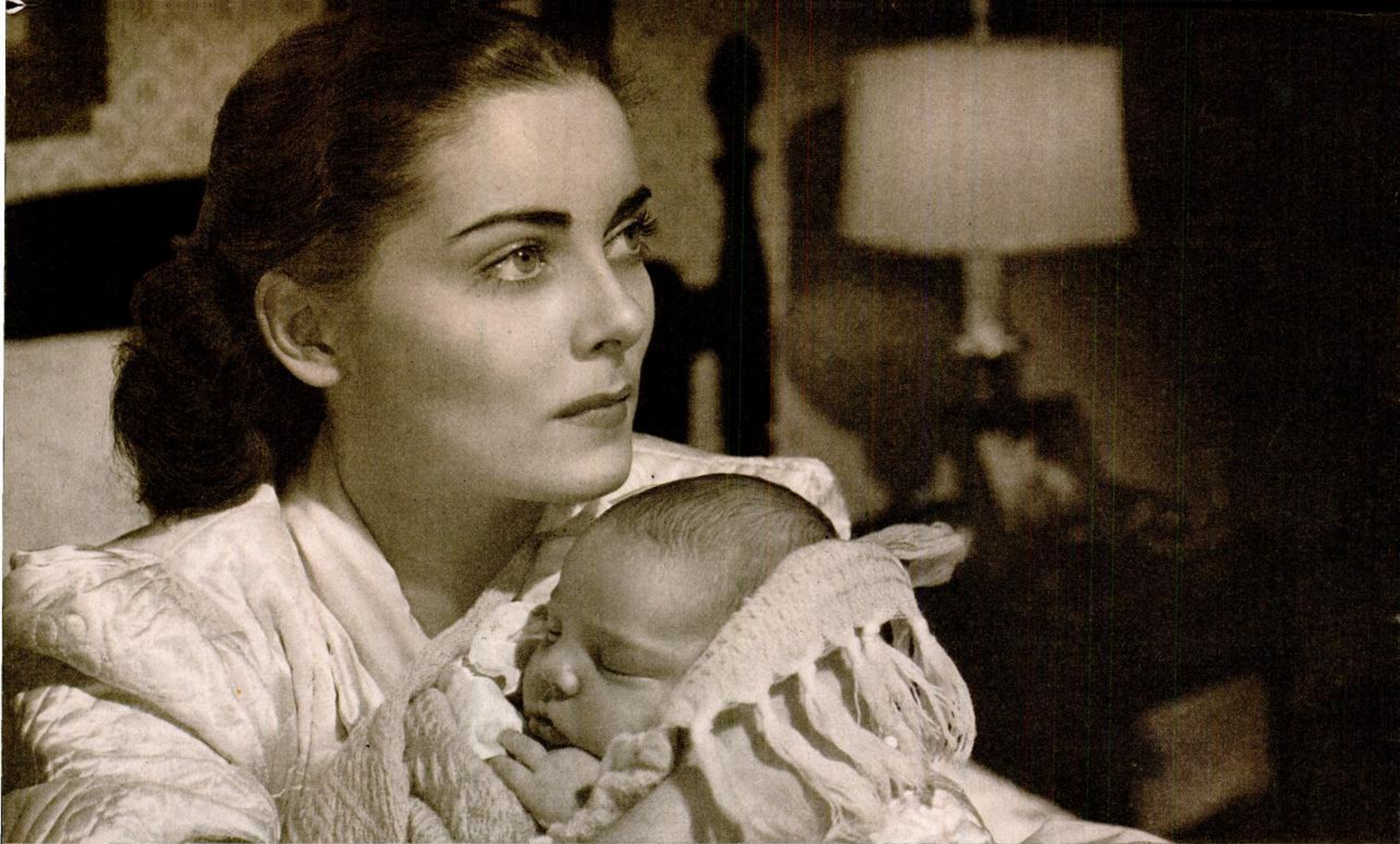
What a difference in 1945! Wherever you drive, there's a man somewhere near who has everything it takes to give you prompt, efficient automotive service at reasonable cost. He has all the latest tools of his trade — things like motor analyzers and wheel alignment equipment, which the bicycle repair man of 1903 never even

heard of. He has mechanics with a working knowledge of scientific service methods. He has factory specification charts, factory - authorized replacement parts — everything needed to keep a car running safely, efficiently, economically . . . *That man is your Oldsmobile dealer. And he's a good man to know!*



OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

AMERICA'S OLDEST MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURER



Love note to a new father

Dearest Jim:

My cable must have reached you by now ...so you know we have the daughter we wanted.

I have to keep looking at her to believe it's true. How much harder that must be for you, who have never seen her!

She's really a darling, Jim. Small, of course, and quite pink. Gray eyes, blonde topknot. Ladylike version of your nice chin. All in all, just right to fit the place in your heart that fathers keep only for their little daughters.

How glad I am that she has someone as wonderful as you... and that *I* have you, in this new and frightening business of being parents! So many things are up to us now.

Things like background and family traditions, and atmosphere around the house. They're suddenly specially important. I guess we knew they would be...even in that long-ago day when we chose International Sterling for our "family silver."

Owning really fine sterling...even just a little...is one way to give our home graciousness and character. To make it the kind of home our daughter can be proud of, as she grows up.

And if that seems faraway to you now, darling, wait till the first time those pink baby fingers curl around yours.

Ever, Ann

ALL YOUR LIFE, your International Sterling will live up to those bride's-dreams of yours.

Among the International patterns which your jeweler will show you, there'll be one that seems to belong especially to you... to fit the kind of life you want yours to be.

Right now your jeweler may not be able to give you all the pieces you want in your International pattern...but in this important lifetime choice of your solid silver, the best is worth the wait.

• • •

Remember to tune in every Sunday to *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*. 6 P.M. E.W.T. Complete Columbia Network.

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International Sterling

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HAVE YOU GOT IT?

Check yourself for these symptoms of **ATHLETE'S FOOT**

- ☐ Peeling & cracks between toes
- ☐ Soft, soggy skin
- ☐ Itching

You probably have **Athlete's Foot** or will get it unless you guard against the infection. Surveys show 70% of adults infected each year! And even a mild case may suddenly become serious. Now science offers new hope. Millions are fighting **Athlete's Foot** successfully with Quinsana powder this easy way—

EASY 2-WAY TREATMENT



ON FEET

1. Use soothing Quinsana on feet daily to aid in protection and relief. The great majority of Chiropodists recommend Quinsana.



IN SHOES

2. Shake Quinsana into shoes daily (absorbs moisture, reducing chances of re-infection from shoe linings). For the whole family.



LIFE

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LIFE'S COVER

Lieut. General George Smith Patton Jr. is a man with a great gift. This is the faculty of turning up at the dead center of historic moments. He did this in Africa, Sicily and Normandy and now he is doing it again on the flank of the bulge in the Western Front. Patton's Third Army was the first to hit back against the German breakthrough. It relieved the siege of Bastogne (see pages 15-19), pressed to the north in an attempt to cut off the tip of the German spearhead.

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"Touching with dazzled lips her Starlight Hand" *

—"Endymion," John Keats



* A lovely line—
but remember, no one's
lips are "dazzled" by
Scullery Skin



Don't let kitchen chores make your hands look OLD

IT TAKES a soft, young-looking hand to bring a man's lips closer ... and closer ...

But in spite of kitchen drudgery, your hands can be as smoothly en-chanting as your face. Use Pacquins Hand Cream daily to help counter-act the harsh, drying effects of housework and weather ... to lend

your hands a look of milky-white softness and smoothness!

It was originally formulated for doctors and nurses. They have their hands in water 30 to 40 times a day, so they need an effective cream.

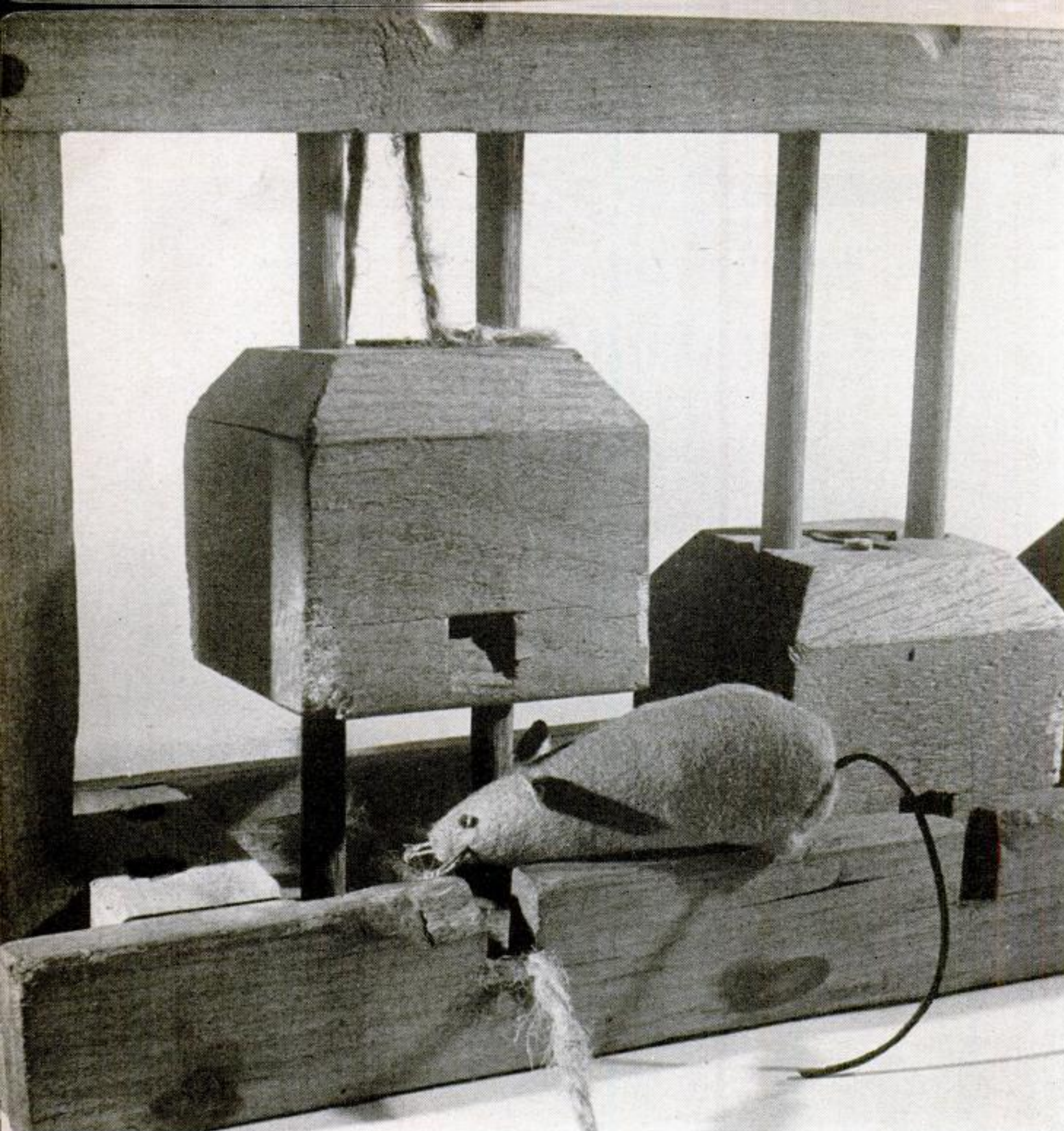
Not sticky...not greasy. Pacquins is creamy-smooth, fragrant—won-derfully effective! Try it today.



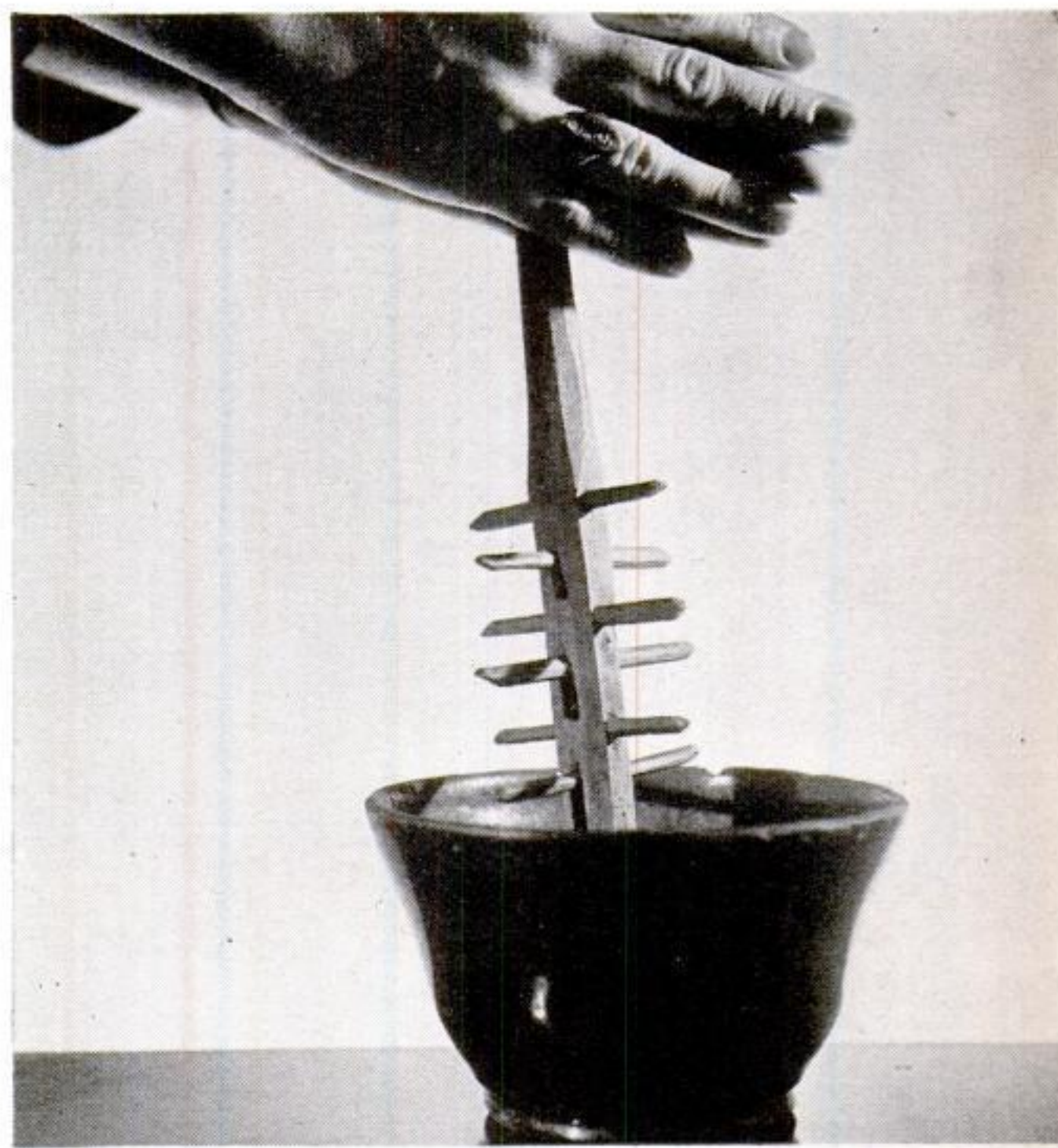
Pacquins Hand Cream

Originally formulated for doc-tors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scrubbing a day.

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE



Homemade mousetrap applied the guillotine principle. A string soaked in bacon grease supported a block of wood. When the mouse, tempted by the bacon, chewed through the string the block fell and crushed him. Below are rocking stilts. Their purpose is obscure, but they may have been used for crossing swamps.



EGG BEATER, ROTATED BY HAND, HAD 20 WOODEN PRONGS THAT DID STIRRING

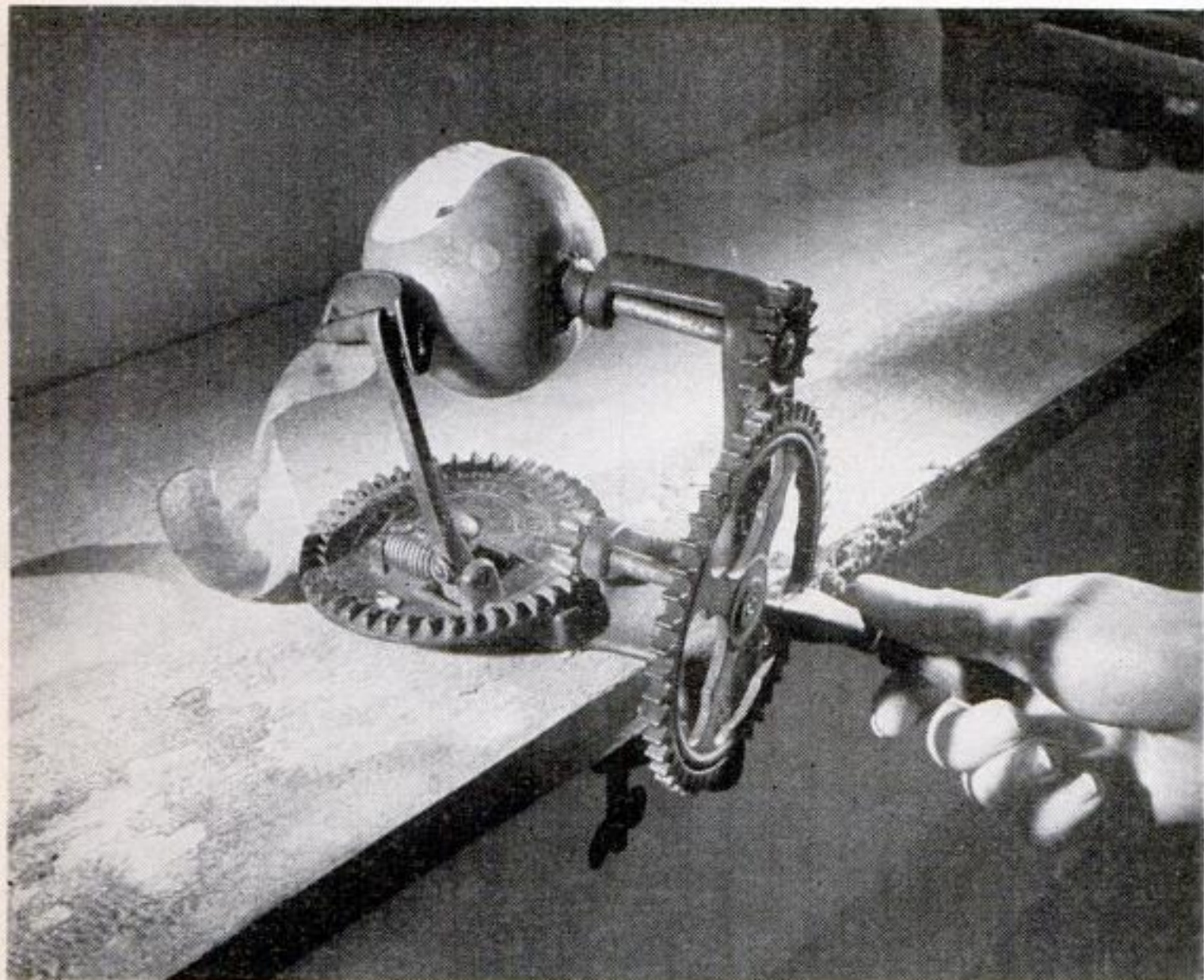
SPEAKING OF PICTURES HOMEMADE TOOLS SHOW YANKEE INGENUITY

The impulse to think up new gadgets, which has always been strong in America, was probably strongest among the early Yankee settlers. Faced with the job of breaking open a new land, the Yankees were forced to use their own wits in devising the tools to get their many chores done. Sometimes their contraptions had a touch of Rube Goldberg in them and were much more complicated than the job they were designed to do. More often, however, they showed great ingenuity in simplifying daily work.

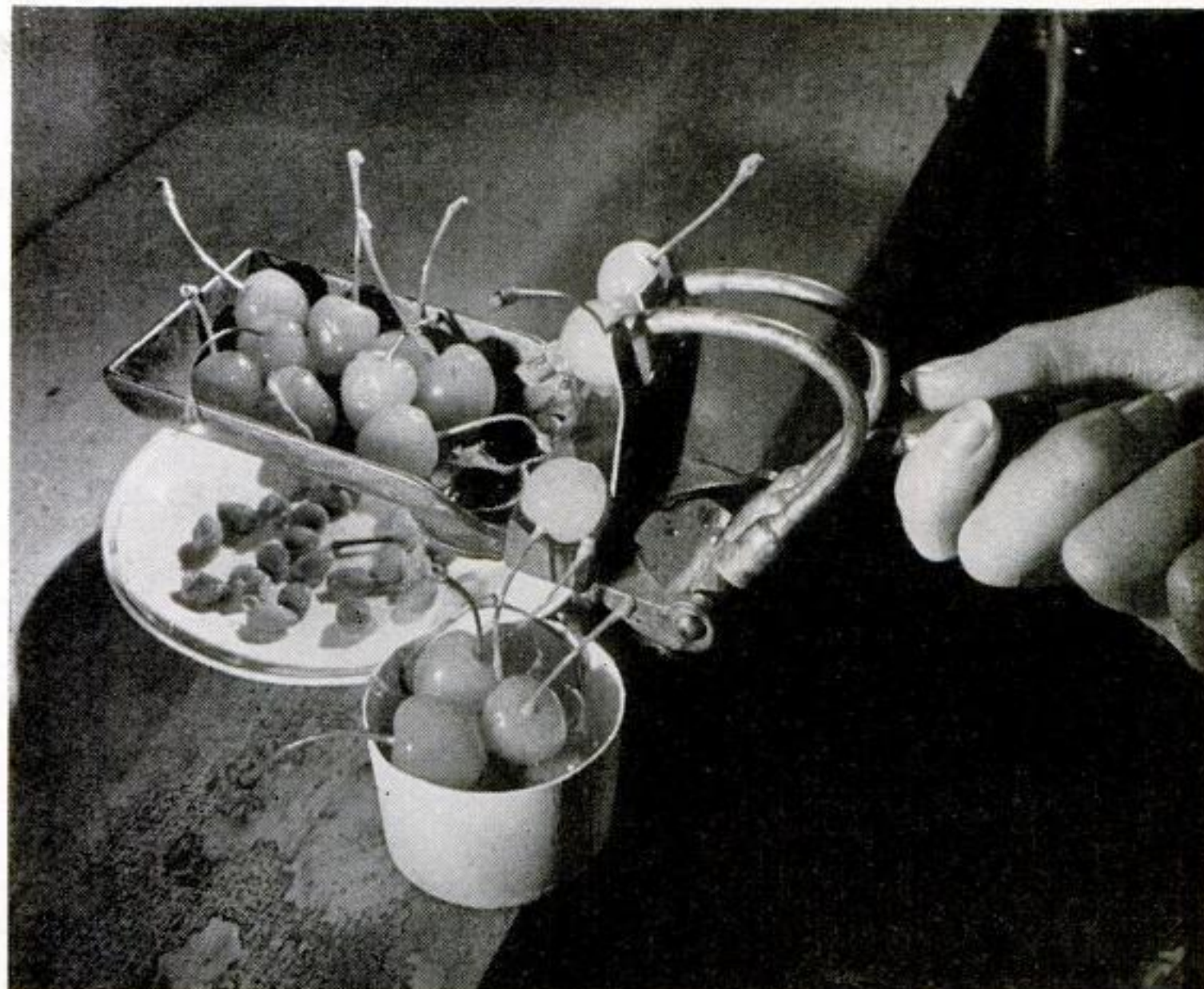
This ingenuity was given proper recognition recently by the Rhode Island School of Design in Providence, which put on an exhibition of Yankee gadgets borrowed from collections and storerooms in New England. Some of those shown here are so skilfully made as to foreshadow modern machines.



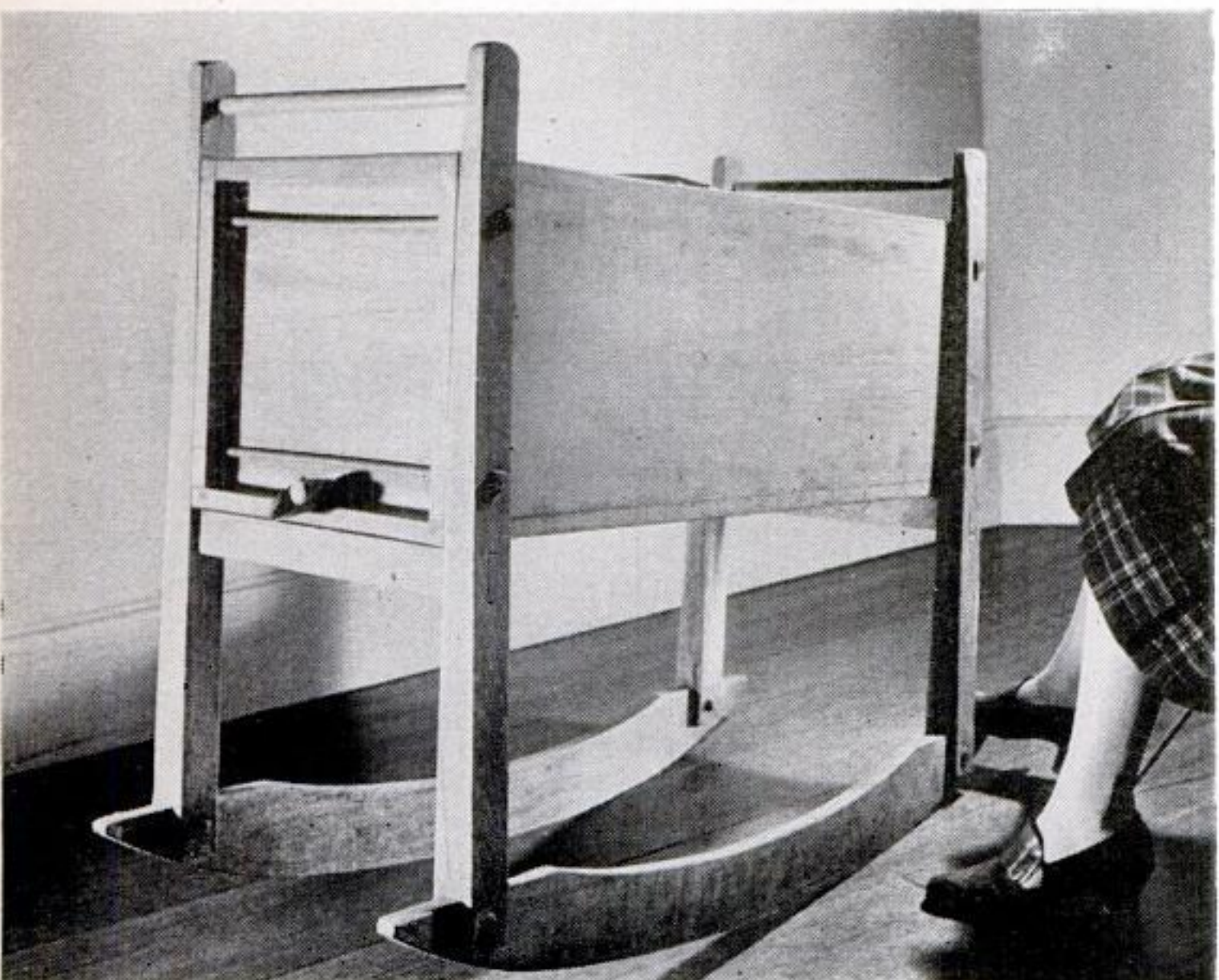
Hinged lemon squeezer used leverage to press juice through holes in the tripod into the bowl below. Modern hand-operated squeezers are exactly the same in principle.



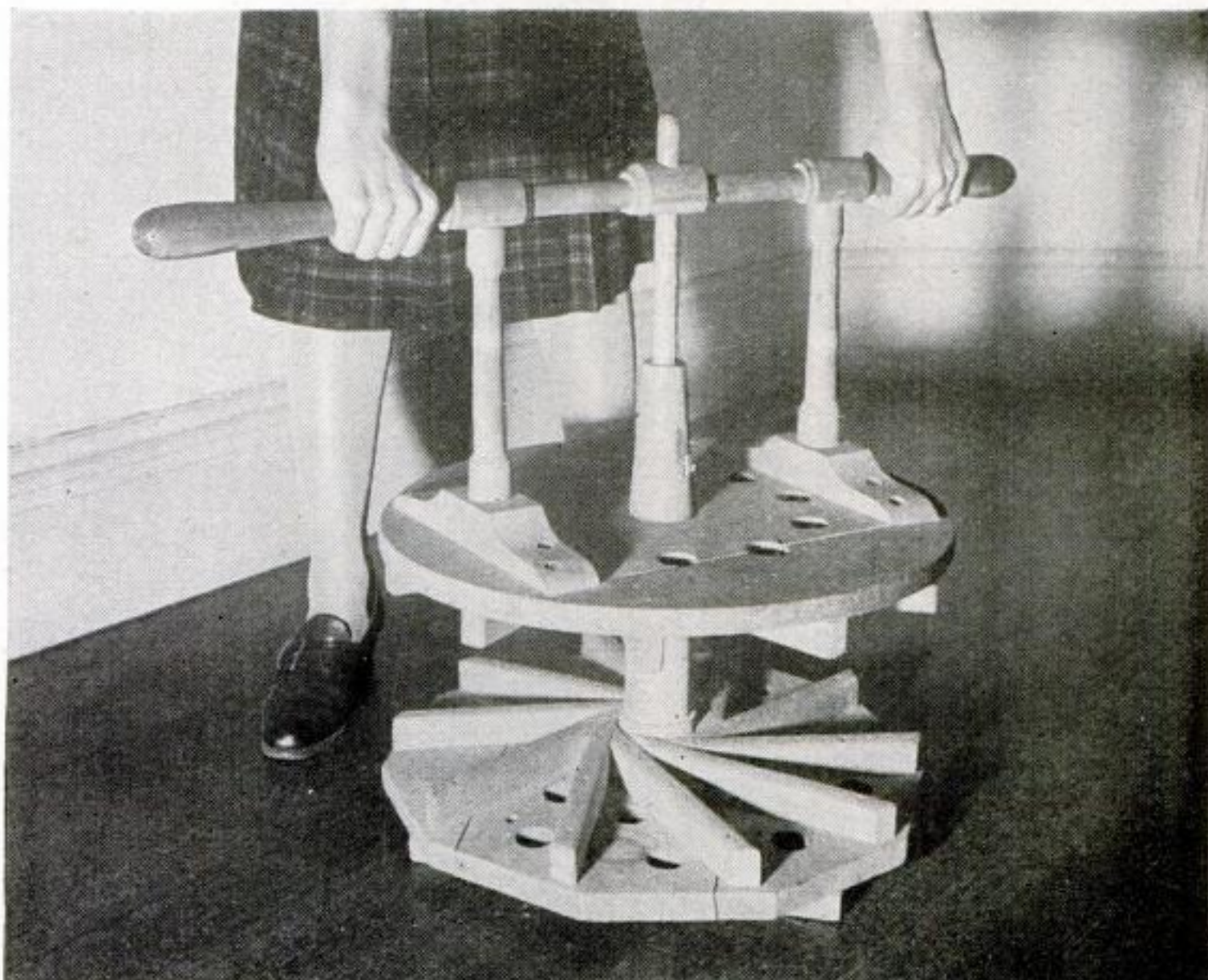
Turntable apple parer, patented in the 19th Century, was fitted with small cogwheels geared to crank handle. Upper wheel rotated the apple, lower wheel moved blade to circle entire skin.



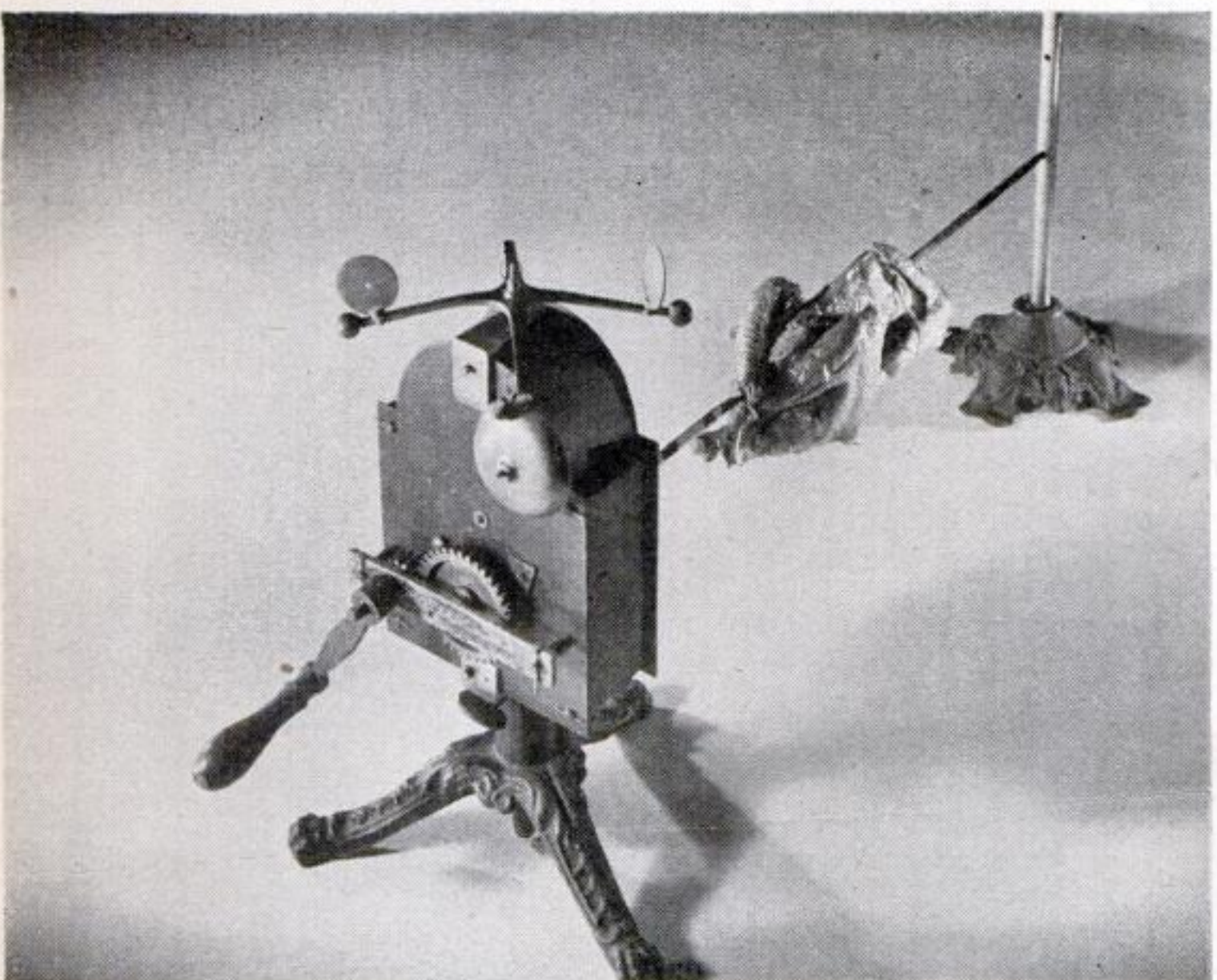
Cherry pitter had rods which impaled cherries, pushed pits through holes in tray. When rods recoiled, cherries were pushed off by backstop and slid down miniature ramp into the cup.



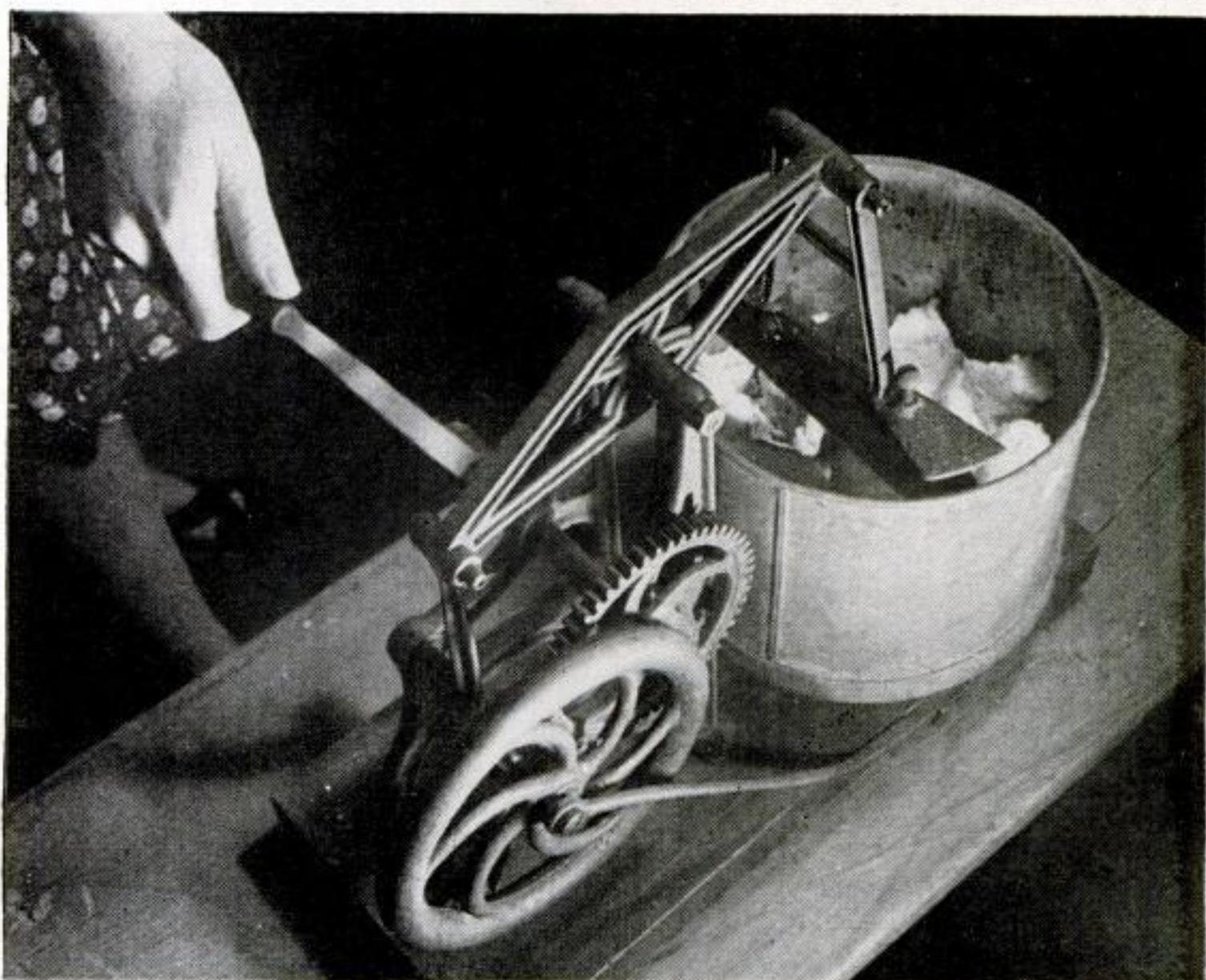
Rocking butter churn had prime advantage of leaving hands free to work while rocking the churn with one's foot. Churns of this kind seem to be exclusively American colonial inventions.



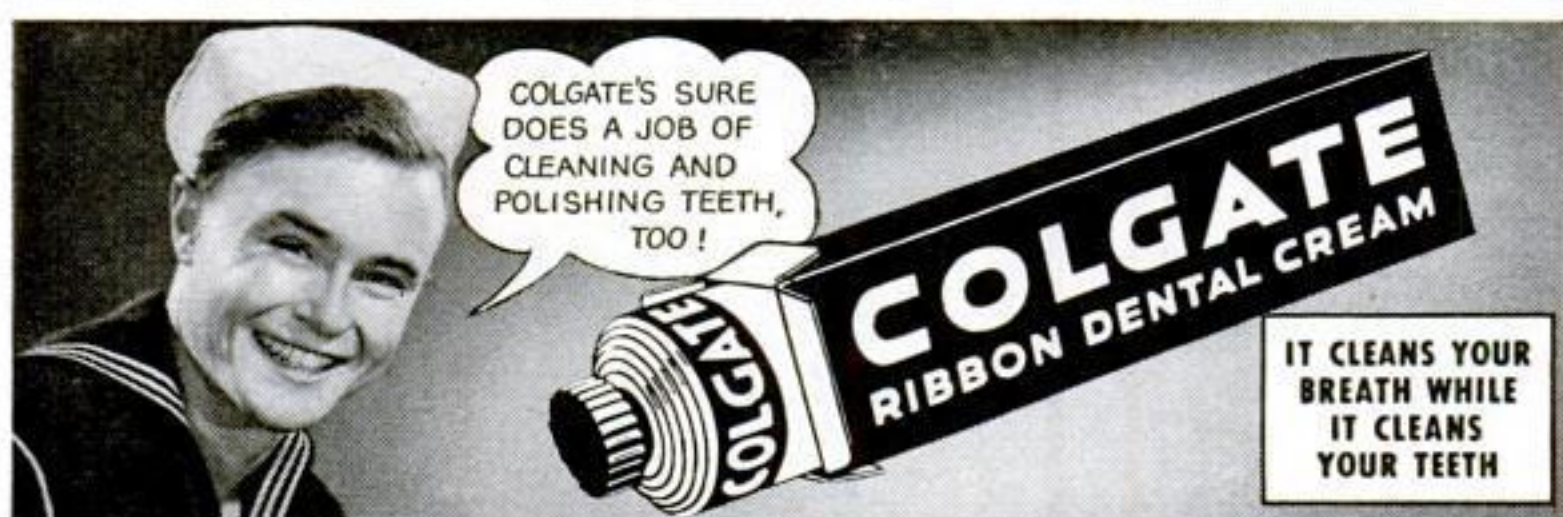
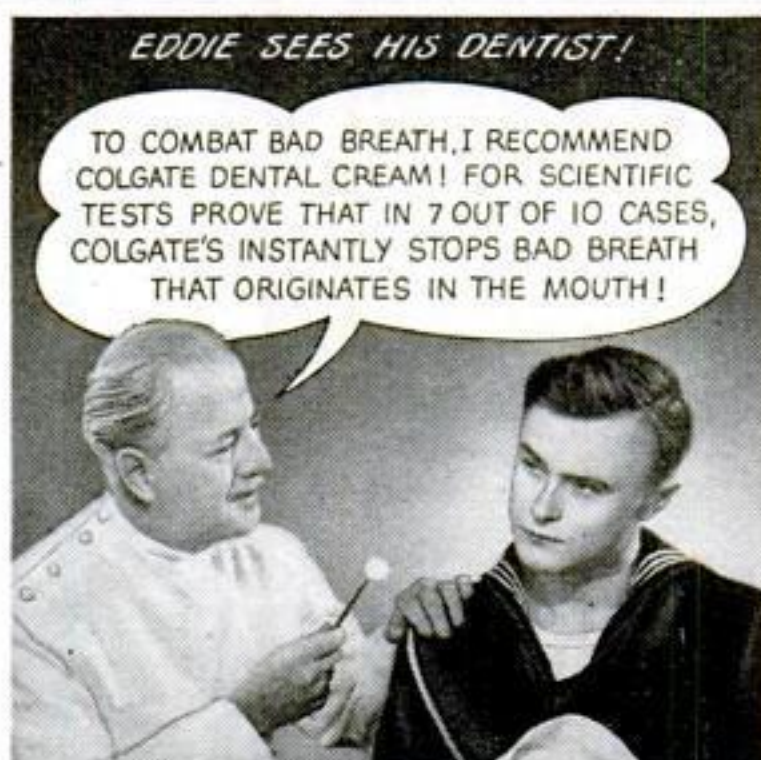
Rotary-type washer was worked up, down and around. Rounded wedges on lower disc made clothes swirl about in the water, which is the same method used by modern washing machines.



Roasting jack was run by clock spring which turned the spit. When clock slowed down, small weight rang bell, warning that the clock had to be rewound to prevent roast from being burnt.



"Improved American Meat & Vegetable Chopper" was noisiest gadget shown by the School of Design. As handle turned, the knife chopped up and down while the bowl slowly revolved.



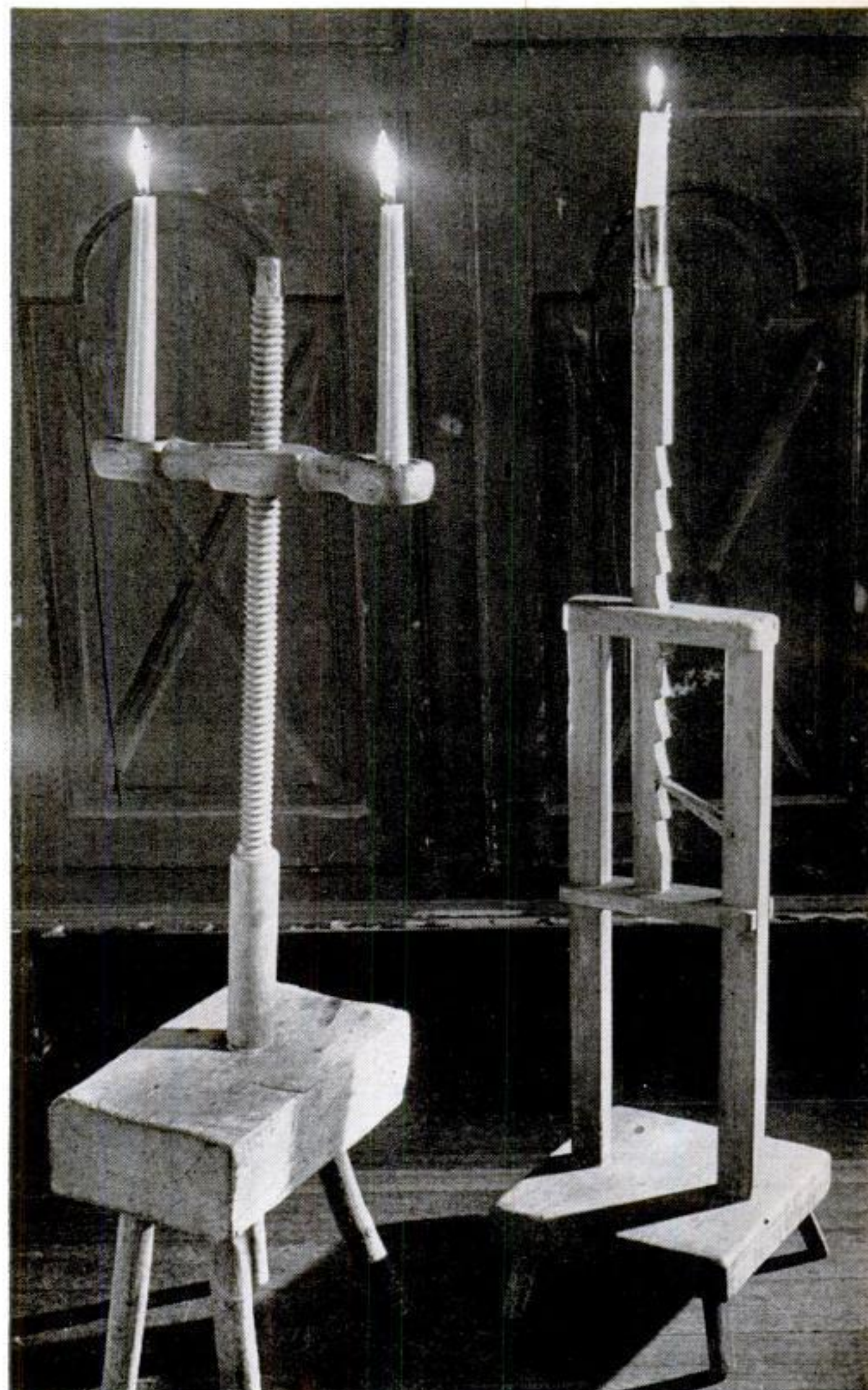
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SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



Extension candlestick was moved back and forth from the wall to give the best light. This gadget is part of the permanent collection of the New York Historical Society.



Candlestands adjustable for height included the simple screw type and ratchet type. The ratchet stand (right) had ten notches and could be put at ten different heights.

* Imagination in Methods



Super-Sandwich! Joining thin, flexible metal and a light insulating material, Chrysler's *Cycle-Weld* method makes a "sandwich" of great strength. Here it holds nearly 400 pounds of husky men, but note how easily women can bend or break the materials *separately*.

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This remarkable new Cycle-Weld method joins such materials as metal and glass, rubber and plastics and wood more firmly than ever before possible — and without bolts, rivets, screws or conventional welds.

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effortless, economical, quiet car performance.

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Chrysler imagination applied our new methods to improve production of tanks, guns, other war equipment. After the war, the same imagination will help make better cars and trucks for you.

* IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT

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And please my Jim,
At my well-stocked A&P.



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I've even won an "E"!
So I save my time
And many a dime,
At my convenient A&P.



Mother's jealous as can be
Of Ann Page an' A&P,
'Cause Ann competes
With Mom's best eats,
For thrift and quality!



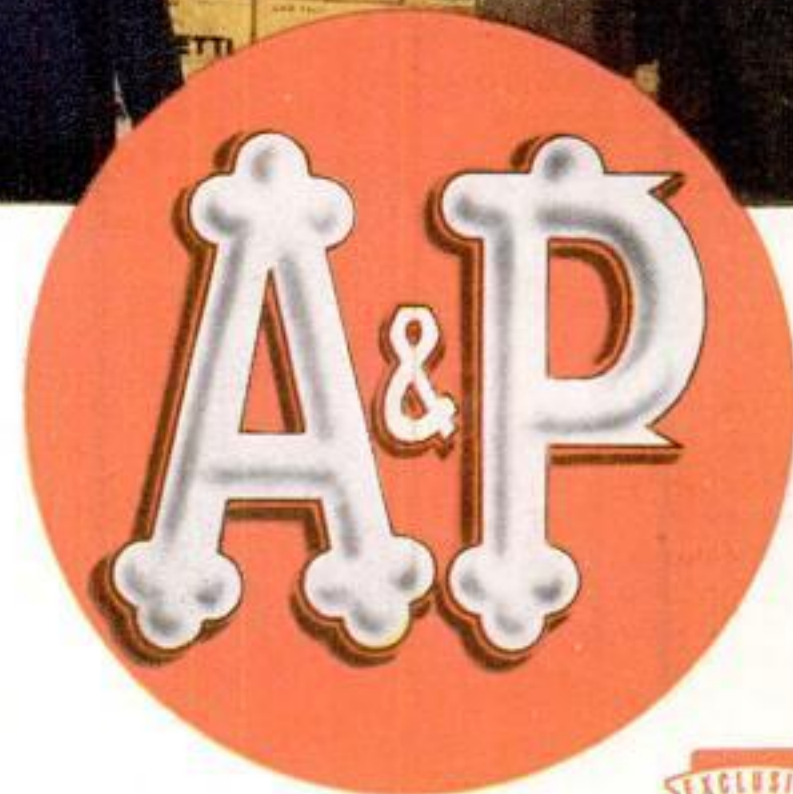
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LIFE'S PICTURES

Photographing the relief of Bastogne, LIFE Photographer Robert Capa was shot at and "captured" by two Americans. Said Capa: "The war gets serious when I am shot at by GIs, too." Fortunately an officer near by identified Capa, whose thick accent made it difficult for him to explain that he was not a German. Capa walked among battling tanks so intent on his work that *Time* and LIFE Correspondent Will Lang said he looked "incongruous, a puny ringmaster in a herd of trumpeting and oblivious elephants." LIFE presents Capa's pictures on pages 15 to 19.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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13—PIX

15 through 19—ROBERT CAPA

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24, 25—DMITRI KESSEL

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31, 32, 34—PHILIPPE HALSMAN

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68—WALTER SANDERS—OTTO HAGEL

69—WALTER SANDERS

70, 71—WALTER SANDERS *exc. bot. rt.*

72—WALTER SANDERS, JAMES F. COYNE—

WALTER SANDERS, SAM SHERE

73—WALTER SANDERS

74, 75—*Drawing by* NORMAN MINGO76—*Map by* FRANK STOCKMAN & ANTHONY

SODARO

78—*Drawing by* NORMAN MINGO

83—PFC. AL KROCHKA

84, 85, 86, 89—KURT PAUL KLAGSBRUNN

90—PETER STACKPOLE, HAROLD TRUDEAU

—PETER STACKPOLE—HAROLD TRUDEAU

91—HAROLD TRUDEAU

92—HAROLD TRUDEAU, PETER STACKPOLE

—HAROLD TRUDEAU—PETER STACKPOLE

ABBREVIATIONS: BOT., BOTTOM; EXC., EXCEPT; RT., RIGHT; B. S., BLACK STAR

Guard your PEP-APPEAL!

says

DOROTHY
LAMOUR

Take
a tip
from
this
Glamorous
Star



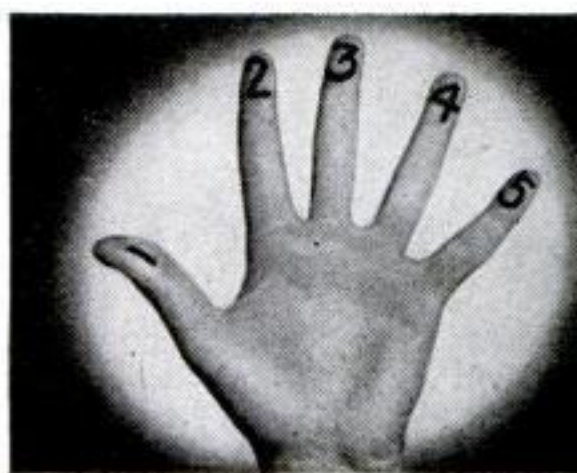
DATES, FUN, ROMANCE come naturally to the girl with pep-appeal—the girl who looks alive and acts it. A shining example is Dorothy Lamour. Her vitality is famous. Yet this lovely actress works harder, longer than most of us. How does she guard her precious pep-appeal?

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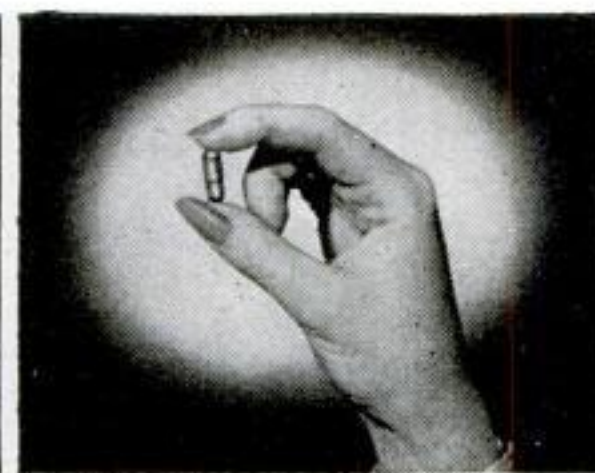
• DOROTHY LAMOUR, soon to be seen in "A Medal for Benny", a Paramount Picture, spares a moment to take Bexel. About 85% of Paramount workers now take Bexel regularly.



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DOCTORS REPORT ON BEXEL TEST

After a 90-day test, conducted in Chicago on a group of people who ate average diets, doctors reported:

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This happened in enough cases for the results to be scientifically significant.

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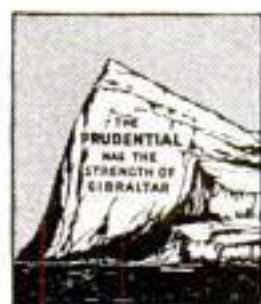
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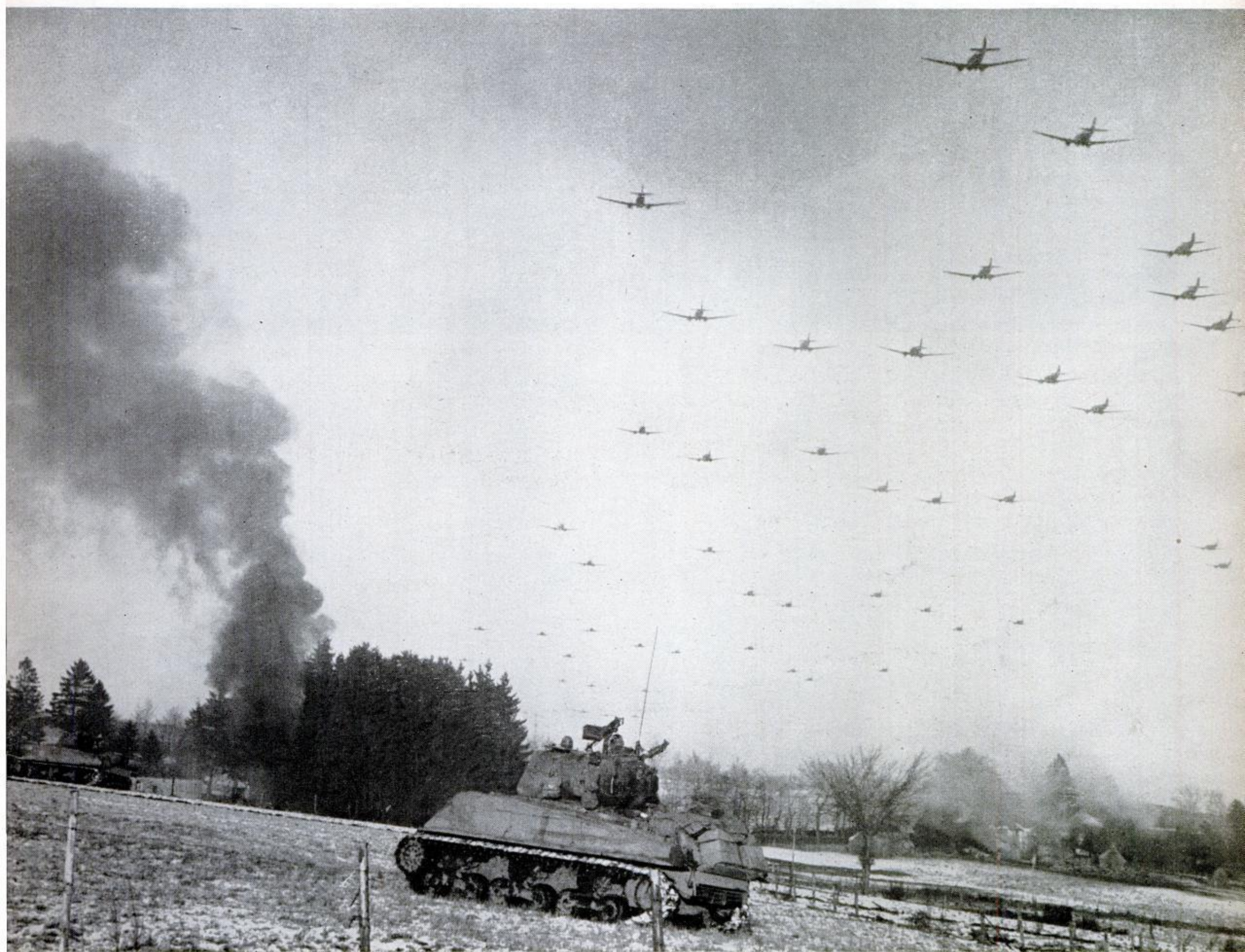
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THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT



WHILE A FLEET OF TRANSPORT PLANES CARRIES SUPPLIES TO SURROUNDED BASTOGNE, A THIRD ARMY TANK ROLLS ACROSS A SNOWY BELGIAN FIELD TO RAISE THE SIEGE

ALLIES SQUEEZE THE GERMAN BULGE

At the end of the first two weeks the German break in the middle of the Western Front was no longer an open wound. The penetration was still sensitive but Allied arms had gathered fast to keep it from going deeper. Now they squeezed the German bulge from the front and sides. When the weather was clear enough for flying, they also pressed down from the top.

The big squeeze was begun by General Patton's Third Army, which swung out of the line in the Saar to push against the German wedge from the south. Tanks and motorized infantry drove toward Bastogne, which had held against the German siege with the help of raw courage and airborne supplies (*see above*). With this force driving from the south

was LIFE Photographer Robert Capa. For six days Capa traveled with the tanks as they fought German paratroopers on the road to Bastogne. On the sixth, Lieut. Colonel Creighton Abrams, commander of the leading tank battalion, said, "We are going in to join those people *now!*" On the day after Christmas a sudden three-mile thrust lifted the siege of Bastogne.

Last week other Allied armies pressed down on the Germans from the north. Parts of the U. S. First and Ninth and British Second Armies, commanded by British Field Marshal Montgomery, pushed from ground which had been held in a big defensive victory two weeks before. In the first days of the German breakthrough two SS panzer divisions made a savage attempt to turn north toward the big road

center of Liège. Pushing westward, the tanks tried to turn at Malmédy and Stavelot and were thrown back. They tried again at La Gleize and were massacred by U. S. artillery (*see pages 20-21*).

The Germans could still claim strategic gains in the Battle of the Bulge, but the most important one would hang in the balance for a long time. The Germans had definitely slowed down the Allied battle plan on the Western Front, but they had used forces which might have slowed it down more in defense. Germans seemed to think there was more to gain in attack. Last week they lashed out again, pushing U. S. Seventh Army from its narrow strip of German soil. The battles of Germany's frontier had become battles of movement and decision was yet to be reached.



On the way to Bastogne, American infantrymen walk across frozen field to get around a pocket of German resistance. Spearheading the drive to relieve Bastogne was the Third Army's 4th Armored Division, which was supported by a regiment of motorized infantry. The infantry

moved up in half-tracks with the tanks and self-propelled guns, dismounting when they were needed to support the tanks. In six days this force battled 21 miles northward along the road from Arlon to Bastogne. They lunged last three miles to Bastogne on the day after Christmas.



Infantrymen hit the ground when a machine gun opens fire from the left. Most of the Germans who held the road to Bastogne were paratroopers. As they retired they often left behind a single machine gun to slow down the advance. The infantrymen above waited until tanks could

clean out the machine gunners. Below: an American advances warily toward a German paratrooper who was shot down in a field. The Germans fought hard to hold off the drive to Bastogne. Said LIFE Photographer Capa, "These do-or-die boys are good. They stay and hold."





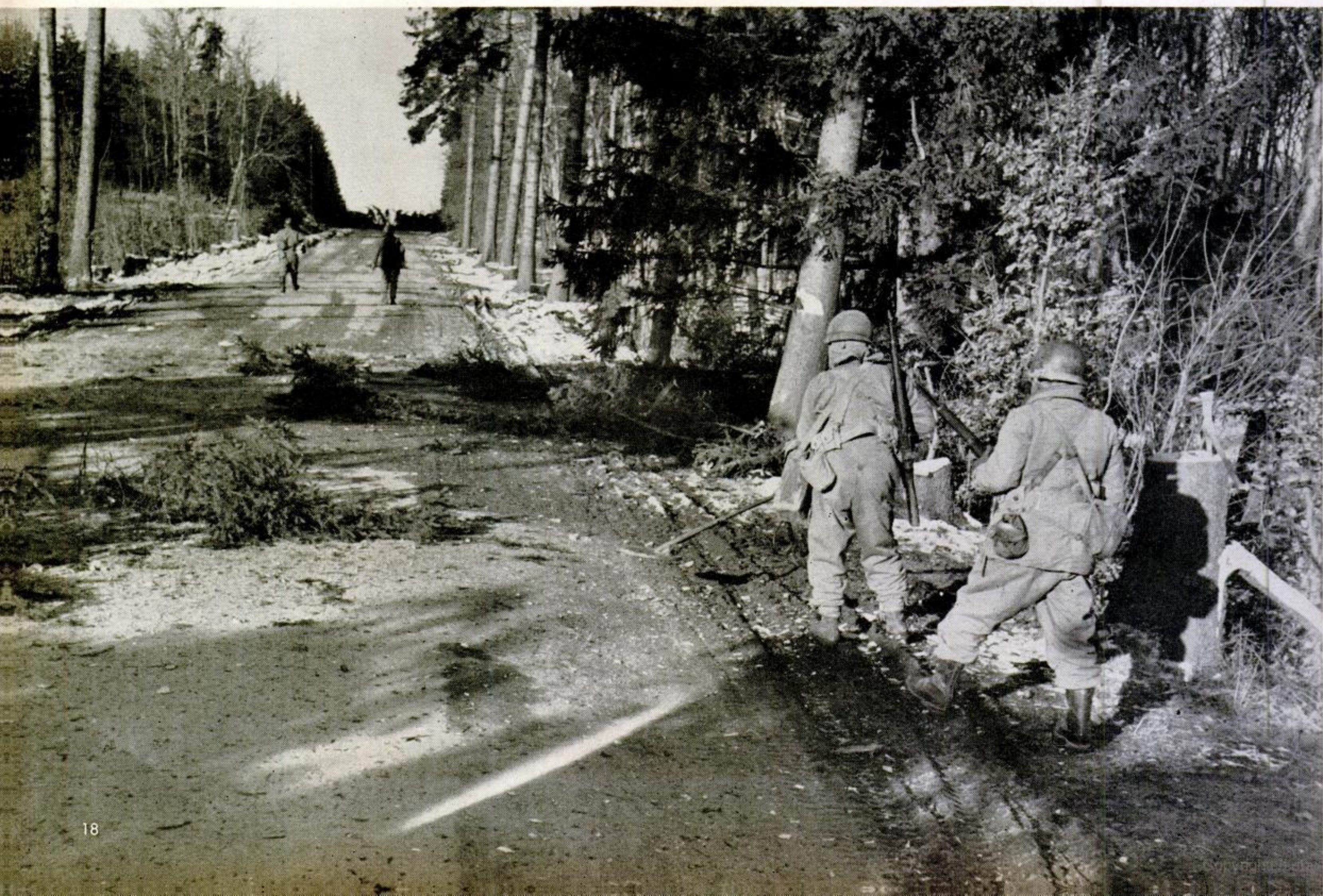
The tanks gather for the final dash into Bastogne. In the background at right are the half-tracks carrying infantry, ready to follow the tanks through German positions around the town. In the distance is smoke of a German vehicle burning from the fire of American self-propelled

howitzers, which laid down a barrage before the last attack began. One thing which made the Bastogne relief drive possible was the frozen fields. For one of the few times this winter the ground was hard enough to allow tanks to by-pass the strong German positions on the roads.



At German road block engineers move up to clear trees and mines. The tanks and infantry have already brushed past the Germans by crossing the undefended fields. The engineers, often under fire from isolated German units, now will clear the road so trucks can follow the advance.

Closer to Bastogne other engineers work over the road with mine detectors. Felled trees have already been cleared away. In some places the Germans never had a chance to barricade the roads. Tanks went right down roads past German positions which were dug in on either side.





Captured paratroopers are herded together by armored vehicles. Paratroopers lost 60% of their men trying to stop U.S. drive to Bastogne. One rueful prisoner said, "We were cut to pieces." When an officer told him sharply, "No, we had bad luck," he said, "*Ja*, we had bad luck."

After the tanks reach Bastogne the men who held the city for six days against German attacks sit down for their first hot meal. Many of the men in Bastogne were in the famous 101st Airborne, but parts of 9th and 10th Armored Divisions also fought valiantly to hold the town.



CONTINUED ON
NEXT PAGE



OUTSIDE LA GLEIZE TWO INFANTRYMEN MOVE PAST A MONSTROUS GERMAN KING TIGER TANK WHICH HAS JUST BEEN KNOCKED OUT. THE CREW OF TANK IS SIMMERING INSIDE

NORTHERN FLANK

German spearhead died at La Gleize

One of the almost nameless key points where Americans held in the first week of the German drive was the Belgian town of La Gleize. German tanks of the SS *Hitlerjugend* and *Adolf Hitler* divisions, trying to get around the U. S. flank to the north, took the town on Dec. 21. On Dec. 24 the Germans were pushed out but they left the wrecked tanks behind. The men who did

the pushing were mostly from the U. S. 30th or "Old Hickory" Division, which is now called by the Germans "Roosevelt's shock troops."

The German SS men fought hard to stay in La Gleize. Said one American: "It was the bloodiest deal we ever had. Those Jerries really had orders to stay. We just had to kill them, and, boy, I'll say we did!"

IN FRONT OF TOWN HALL STANDS A PANTHER TANK. PANTHERS AND TIGERS, SLOWER, MORE HEAVILY ARMED AND ARMORED THAN U. S. TANKS, GAVE DRIVE MUCH OF ITS POWER





A roadside tragedy occurred when German planes attacked a road on the northern flank of the bulge. Three Americans in a medical unit, a captain and two GIs, took cover in a ditch and

were smothered in loose earth when a bomb burst next to them. LIFE'S Johnny Florea made this picture a few seconds later, when other men in the unit dug out the body of the captain.

BRITAIN AND AMERICA

A STRANGE OUTBURST THERE STEMS FROM POLITICAL FAILURES HERE

Among the many recent symptoms of Allied disunity is a British press attack on America. It was led by a very sophisticated weekly, *The Economist*. It mocked at American policy for being vague, pharisaical and afraid of realities, and warned Britons not to count on our postwar support. The *Yorkshire Post*, owned by Mrs. Anthony Eden's family, chimed in, "[Americans] freely tell us what we ought to do. What are they willing to do?" Through all the criticisms ran one note: the old American habit of twisting the lion's tail is no longer to be suffered in silence.

All this sounds rather surprising to American ears. It was a strange time for the attack, for Anglophobia, though it is indeed an old American failing, has been at a low ebb for many, many months. The issue did not arise at all in the recent election campaign. Indeed, Americans have been enjoying a pretty good conscience about their relations with Britain. And now this!

Nervous Strain

The reasons for the British outburst should be understood in America. One of them was nervous strain. After six years as a Nazi bomb target and two years of self-imposed sweetness (a Churchill policy) toward America, the British had to let fly. And some of their shots—those aimed at policies of our government rather than at the sentiments of our press or people—were very well aimed indeed.

"Pharisaical" is certainly not too harsh a word for our official attitude in the Italian and Greek troubles. Roosevelt, according to informed reports, had agreed to British policy in the Balkans, but when it went sour Secretary Stettinius, in the name of nonintervention, ostentatiously washed his hands of both affairs. The same refusal to fish or cut bait has marked our policy toward Poland. We try to stave off all definite solutions in Europe during the war. But the British, who live there, can't wait. They are naturally tired of consulting a White House whose words are not commitments.

The British also have an accumulation of small grievances. Many American officers are openly contemptuous of the British. When Churchill was trying to line up a postwar western bloc with France and the Low Countries, objections were raised in America which the British resented. They felt that if New York, were being bombarded by V-1s or V-2s from Rhode Island, New Yorkers instead of having scruples about "power politics," would do something to bring New York and Rhode Island together.

Then there was the affair of Oliver Lyttelton, Minister of Production, who in a speech remarked that America had been anti-Japanese long before Pearl Harbor and had "provoked" Japan to war. He meant it as a compliment, thinking we would like to be

classed with the foes of aggression. Not at all! Cordell Hull got blue in the face and Lyttelton had to apologize. That rankled in London, especially as Lyttelton's version of Far Eastern history made more sense than Hull's.

There have been many similar incidents, all filed away in the British mind. But behind them all the big reason for Britain's irritability is something harder to define. The British are exhausted and impoverished. Once the lords of creation, they want to continue as a great nation after the war. But hints have been given them, by General Smuts, by Winston Churchill, by their own common sense, that they have not the inherent potential of Russia and the U. S. Their foreign investments are shot, their sources of raw material are uncertain, too many of their factories are old-fashioned, their houses are destroyed, their merchant fleet is hard hit. Their people need roofs, beds, knives, forks, clothing, as well as refrigerators and automobiles. They face a hard row just to eat. Yet they also want the Beveridge Plan and the 40-hour week.

The British Dilemma

There was a time when forward-looking Britons (like the editors of *The Economist*) figured that the way out of this dilemma was to follow American leadership, to ride the wake of an American world-trade boom sparked by American lending and lower American tariffs. Pro-American Englishmen still pin their faith on that. But they have had little encouragement of late.

They were specifically not encouraged by the recent Chicago conference on postwar air routes, which was front-paged daily in the London press. Its upshot was that America and Britain are two different nations and that we have no intention of hampering our freedom of action for their sake. Britons are more justly alarmed when Admiral Land says America must maintain twice as big a merchant fleet as before the war. The British know that in an economic showdown, government to government, they cannot compete with us. And they see no signs in Washington that Congress will ever permit an economic alliance.

Britons have not lost spirit in their dilemma. Many British businessmen are girding themselves for a trade war with a new edge on their traditional self-assurance. The *Daily Mail* has for some time condemned Britain's "cap in hand" policy and takes much the same view of America that the *Chicago Tribune* does of Britain. But when more thoughtful organs like *The Economist* beligerently declare their independence of America, it is a sign of real trouble.

So what should America do? The major choices facing Britain depend on us. We can-

not discharge the responsibility by fearing (with Senator Brewster) that the British will "outsmart us again." It is to America's interest that Britain remain strong. Britain can remain strong only in a system of expanding and comparatively free world trade. And the only country that can revive and maintain such a system is the U. S.

Many Americans cannot match this dependent aspect of Britain's future with the indomitable bearing of Winston Churchill, who is neither helpless, fearful nor even contrite. Stomping up and down the Empire, this gallant man continues to practice his preachment that "we mean to hold our own." On Christmas Day he turned up in Athens, patching that traditional British friendship with Greece by the light of hurricane lamps (see p. 25). Wherever he goes he speaks with the leonine 18th Century voice of English pride. And many Americans assume that since the lion still has a mouth, it also has the same old teeth and the same old tempting tail.

"Fraternal Association"

It was Churchill who, in Cambridge, Mass., proclaimed a permanent "fraternal association" of England and America, which he has helped to implement with such revolutionary experiments as the Combined Chiefs of Staff. This, rather than Mr. Churchill's own resplendent Toryism, is the light by which to read the future of Anglo-American relations. Some Churchill policies are an obstacle to the "fraternal association": his stubbornness toward India, toward China, toward resurgents everywhere. But Americans should remember that such policies are as mortal as Churchill and that England is just as divided on them as we are. They gain fixity only because Britain's underlying economic dilemma has not been solved. "Holding our own" is for Britain an unpleasant necessity and will continue to be until she is offered some other honorable way to thrive.

American liberals may revile Britain's Indian policy until they are blue in the face. But the policy can only be pried loose when Britain is assured access to equivalent trade elsewhere, such as the American market. And until America is willing to make military commitments in Europe, Britain will continue to play her own European game.

Thus it is not the querulousness of old age that makes the British press attack America. It is the profound, if subconscious, British disappointment in America's failure to take the real political leadership of this war. It is our failure to see the true connection between practical necessities, such as food and houses and security, and the many ideals which Americans and Englishmen hold in common. If we could see that, what an ally we would have! And be.

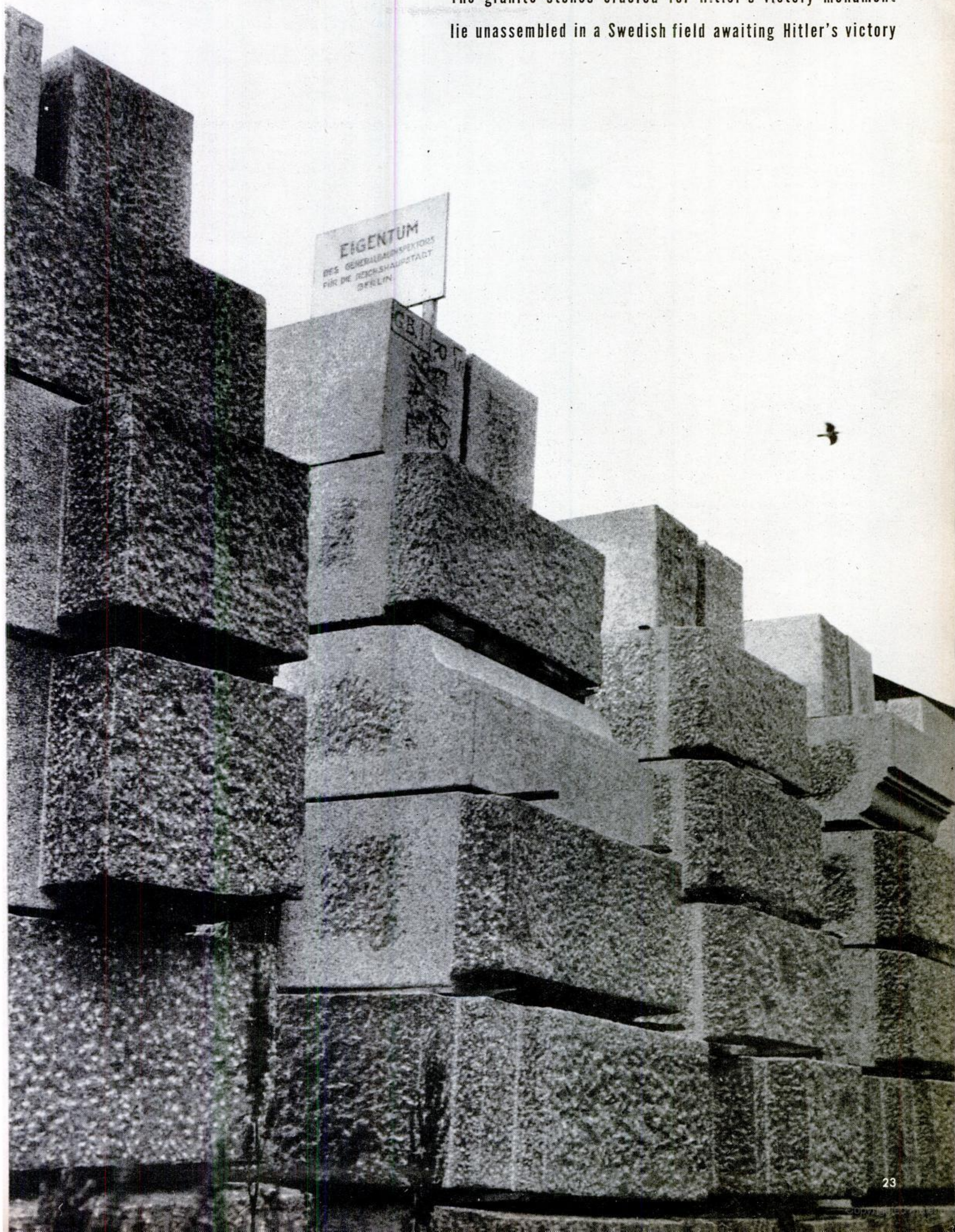
PICTURE OF THE WEEK:

In 1938 a Swedish dealer received from Berlin a huge order for granite blocks. In 1940 the Germans clamored for early delivery. The secret

leaked out. The blocks were for a victory monument, ordered by Hitler, to be 4,500 ft. long, 2,500 ft. broad and 1,000 ft. high. Last year Ber-

lin suggested work be suspended. The Swedes, pondering disposal of the partly paid-for blocks hit on an answer. They can become gravestones.

The granite stones ordered for Hitler's victory monument
lie unassembled in a Swedish field awaiting Hitler's victory





CHURCHILL ARRIVES AT ATHENS CONFERENCE IN ARMORED CAR



Winston Churchill and Archbishop Damaskinos leave the British Embassy after a talk, the British Prime Minister puffing at a newly lighted cigar. The bearded archbishop, born Papandreou

but no kin to the Greek ex-premier, is 59, and primate of Greece. Later he was named regent by Greek King George II. Second from left is the Russian observer in Greece, Colonel Popov.

PARLEY IN GREECE

Prime Minister Churchill flies to settle tragic British-Greek War

"To enable Greece to resume her place among the United Nations," Britain's Winston Churchill arrived in Greece on Christmas Day. "Surely the most dangerous thing he has yet done," was one British comment. Another was, "May we conclude that the Premier's love of dramatic adventure . . . has led him to spend Christmas in this picturesque and romantic fashion." Just before he arrived, a ton of dynamite and TNT was taken from the sewers under the Hotel Grand

Bretagne. Bullets from snipers pinged all around him.

Having a wonderful time, Churchill called a meeting of Greek Leftists and Rightists. When the rebellious EAM delegates arrived, wearing British battle dress, they were nearly turned away until they identified themselves. Immediate result of the trip was the naming of Archbishop Damaskinos as regent and General Plastiras as premier, both of whom were for the moment acceptable to most Greeks. The fighting died down.

By hurricane lamps the British meet with EAM delegates, all Communists or ex-Communists, who arrived carrying pistols and one Tommy gun and were disarmed. From left are U. S.

Ambassador MacVeagh, British Ambassador Leeper, Eden, Churchill, Archbishop Damaskinos, Field Marshal Alexander. Later, foreigners left Greeks to fight it out among themselves.





THROW IN ST. PETER'S BASILICA CLUSTERS AROUND THE MAIN ALTAR WHERE, LIGHTED BY SIX TALL WHITE CANDLES, THE POPE STANDS. ALTAR IS BUILT OVER THE TOMB OF ST. PETER

PAPAL CHRISTMAS

75,000 people pack St. Peter's to hear Pius XII celebrate Mass

For liberated Rome, Christmas in 1944 was joyous and precedent-shattering. The blackout was lifted for Christmas Eve and the city glowed. Even the Vatican's façade was softly floodlighted.

Best of all, Pope Pius XII decided to say his own midnight Mass in St. Peter's instead of in privacy and to throw open the basilica to the public celebration of the Christ Child's birth. It was the first time the people of Rome had been invited to a Christmas

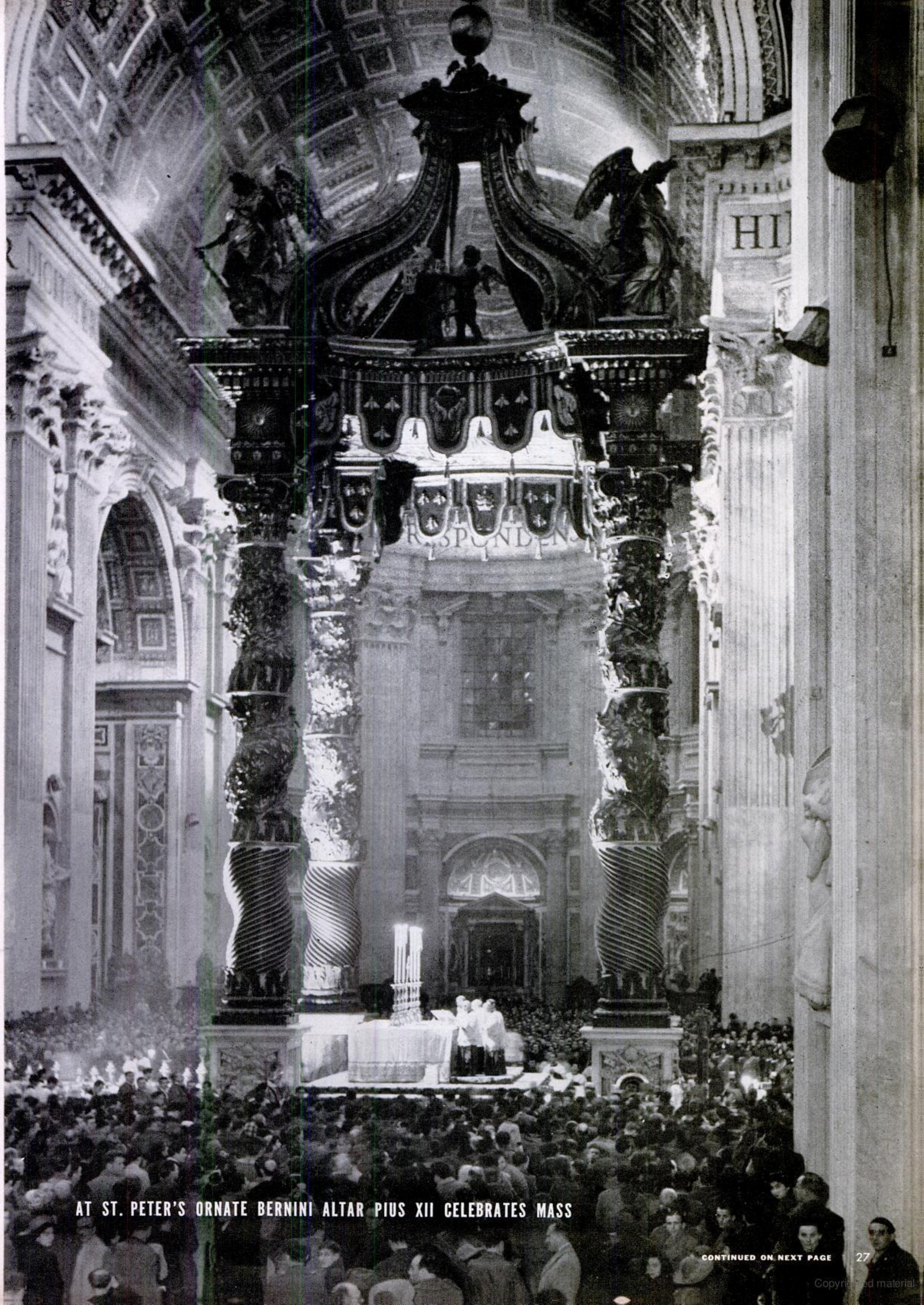
festival in St. Peter's since 800 A. D. when Leo III crowned Charlemagne there. It was in keeping with Pius' Christmas message to the world in which he spoke warm words for democracy.

Special trolley cars were operated to Vatican City. At least 75,000—humble citizens, high diplomats and churchmen, soldiers of all nations—packed the huge basilica. Next morning, in paying a Christmas visit in Rome, Pius XII set another precedent (*turn the page*).

Soldiers perch on confessionals to watch the solemn service. The Bernini altar is reserved for Masses said by the Sovereign Pontiffs and is but one of St. Peter's 30 altars

More spectators stand reverently on another confessional. Some of them cling to statues. The helmeted man in the foreground is a papal policeman. In crowd were soldiers in the uniforms of many nations.





AT ST. PETER'S ORNATE BERNINI ALTAR PIUS XII CELEBRATES MASS



PIUS XII GIVES CHILDREN YULE BLESSING AND GIFTS

This year, for the first time since 1870, the Pope of Rome left the Vatican on Christmas morning and went into Rome to distribute Christmas presents. Accompanied by only one car, Pius XII drove unnoticed to the Gregorian University. There 2,500 refugee children were assembled, part of the 10,000 to re-

ceive gifts of spaghetti, fruit and a woolen garment from the Pontifical Commission for Refugees. The Pope blessed them and also gave each a chocolate bar, little cake and holy picture. At the university, as he distributed these gifts with his own hands, he smiled benignly (*above*). He seemed supremely happy.

*Just a good plain
cook — that's me*

... with pride in my fluffy biscuits and deep-dish apple pie. That's why I serve Campbell's Vegetable Soup, too — because it's the kind that always brings a smile from Harry (he's my husband) — and gets him fondly saying, "Thank my lucky stars I married a gal who's got a knowing hand in the kitchen."

And let me tell you, when this war is a thing of the past, and I can spend eight beautiful hours a day in my own kitchen if I want to, Campbell's are *still* making the vegetable soup at our house! It's every bit as good as the finest my mother ever made! Matter of fact, the joke's on me — for when I told Mother so she said, "Goodness, you've eaten Campbell's Vegetable Soup all your life!"

Campbell's **VEGETABLE SOUP**

Look for the Red-and-White label



A Rich Stock simmered from fine beef and 15 different kinds of luscious garden vegetables, fixed as fussily and cooked as carefully as you would do, in your own kitchen — that's what makes Campbell's Vegetable Soup rate high with home cooks everywhere!



"New low price on wonderful Birds Eye Baked Beans!"

cheers Dinah Shore



1 "Don't miss this marvelous value!" says Dinah Shore, Birds Eye's radio singing star. "Think of it! Rich and flavorful Birds Eye Baked Beans... PLENTY of them... and at a new low price! Baked Beans at their old-fashioned best... the very same kind..."



2 "... that grandma used to make—but with this important difference: when Birds Eye Baked Beans come out from the ovens, smoking and sending up that wonderful mouth-watering flavor, they're *Quick-Frozen*—instantly! All that superb aroma, all that rich and..."



3 "... zesty deliciousness is sealed in—held for you! No wonder they're popular! So, buy a couple of boxes of these luscious baked beans—TODAY—at your Birds Eye Store. Make them the main dish tonight. But don't delay! Take advantage of the new low price—it's mighty saving, girls!"



"Hope you're listening to my radio program Thursday nights—new time, new station! I'll be singing for you."

BIRDS EYE OPEN HOUSE
starring DINAH SHORE

8:30 E.W.T.—7:30 C.W.T.
6:30 M.W.T.—9:00 P.W.T.
Thursday night,
National Broadcasting Company



Do it today! Snap up this bargain price on Birds Eye Baked Beans and save yourself some money! They're marvelous eating, as well as a *grand value*. Due to war-time conditions, Birds Eye hasn't been able to produce enough of some Birds Eye Foods to go round. But there's now a *wide variety* in the Birds Eye case. So select from those your grocer has—they're ALL delicious!

Caution! There is one, and only one, brand of frosted foods packed by Birds Eye. So... if the package you buy is not *plainly marked* with the Birds Eye trade-mark, it is NOT Birds Eye quality. **GUARANTEE!** Birds Eye Foods are guaranteed "best you ever tasted," or **MONEY BACK!**



A 30-OZ. BUFF COCHIN BANTAM ROOSTS ON THE BACK OF AN 11-LB. STANDARD BUFF COCHIN. RAISING BUFF COCHINS WAS THE HOBBY OF JULIUS CAESAR AND QUEEN VICTORIA

PRETTY POULTRY

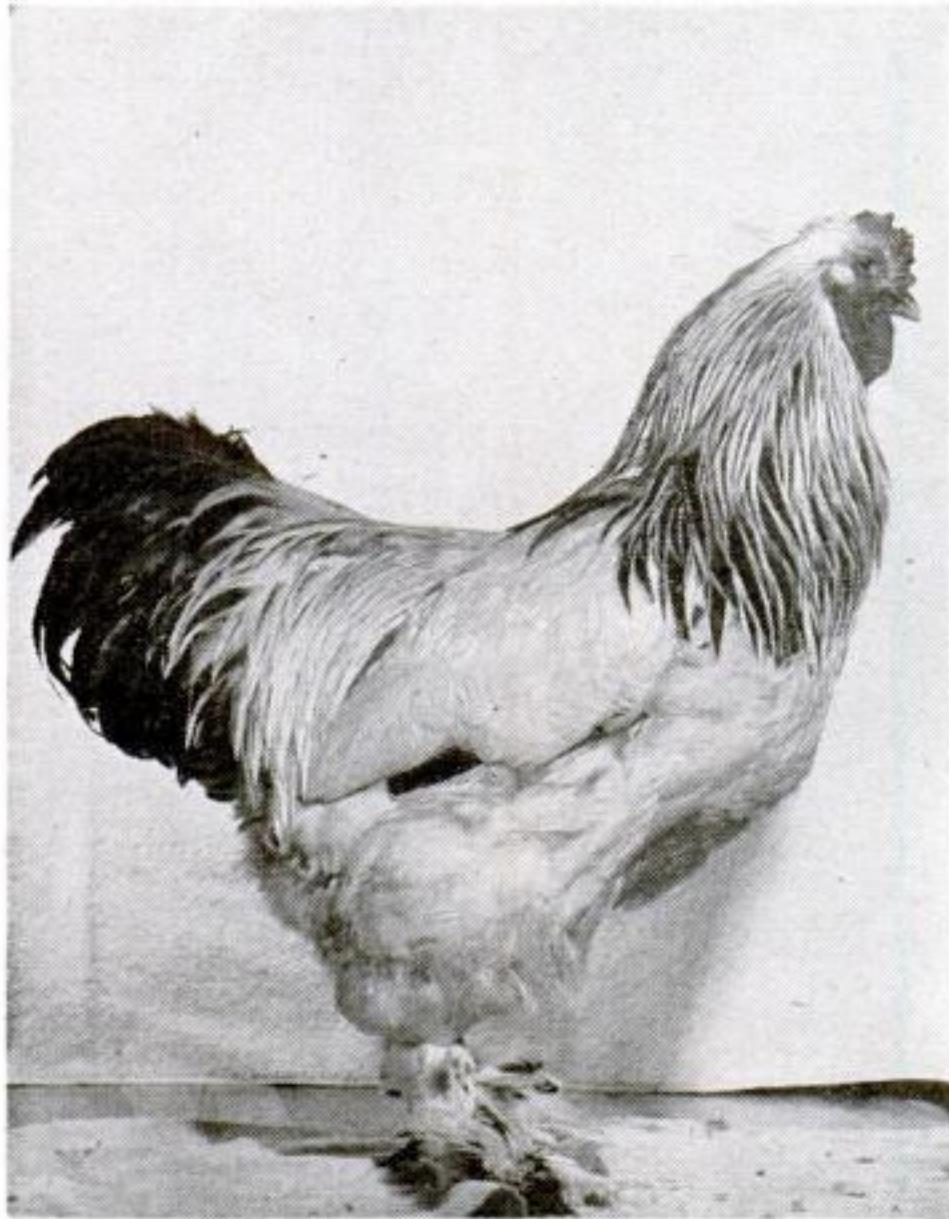
Fanciers display expensive hobby
at their big annual New York show

Most chicken raisers worry about producing fryers and a full egg basket. But fanciers who exhibited their chickens at the annual Madison Square Garden Poultry Show last week have another problem. They are apt to overlook a chicken's purpose in life, and breed birds only to look pretty and win prizes. A prize-winning barred Plymouth Rock hen may lay only a few eggs a year and yet be valued at \$3,000.

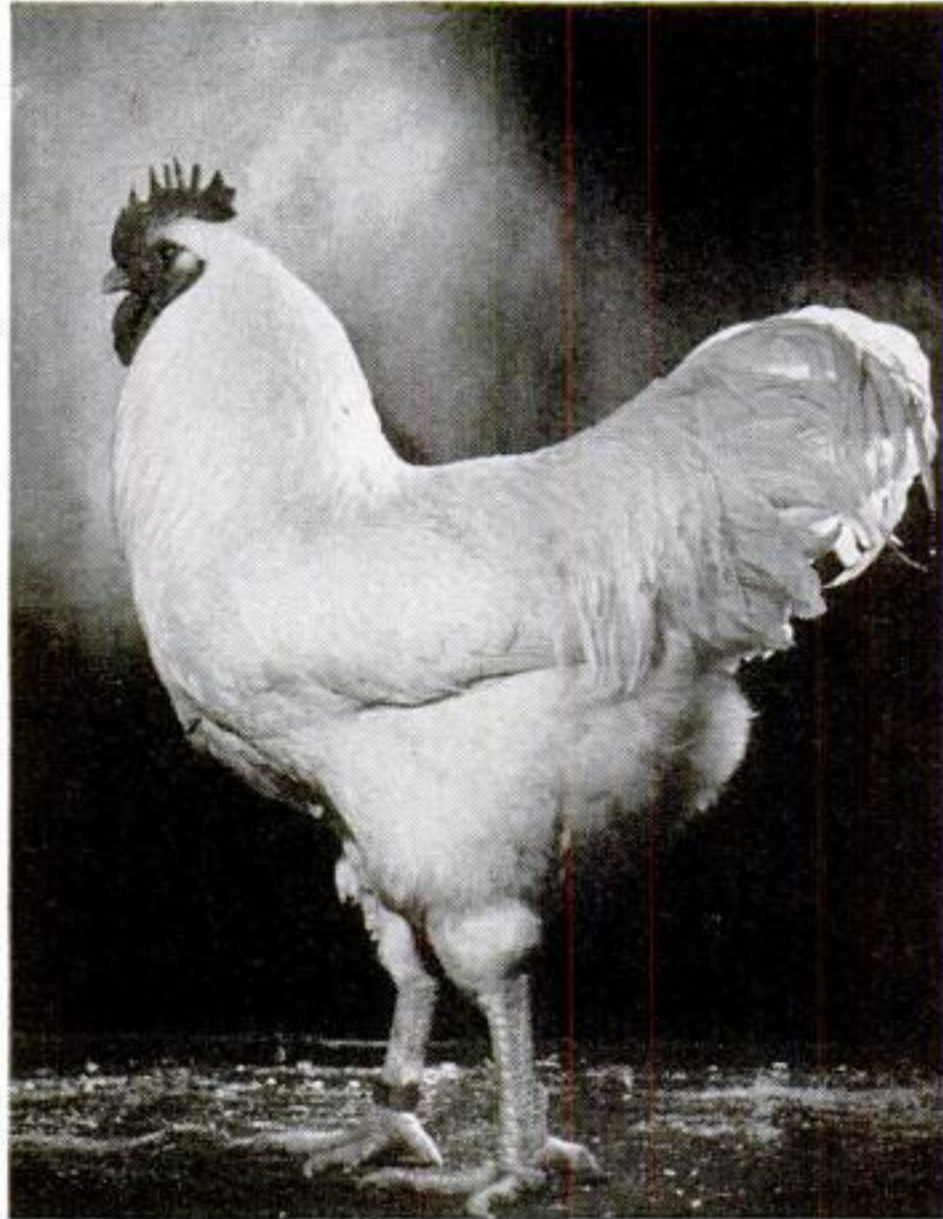
The Madison Square Garden Show, where Philippe Halsman took these portraits for LIFE, is one

of the largest shows of its kind in the U. S. Other exhibitions of fancy fowl give awards for size and egg production but this show gives almost entire attention to type and looks. Heaviest concentration of poultry fanciers in the U. S. lies around New York City, which is the reason for the show's importance.

Breeding elaborate fowl is a favorite hobby of business and professional men. The standard Buff Cochin male shown above is valued by his owner at \$1,000. Hatching eggs of some show varieties sell for \$1 each.



Light Brahma is of Asiatic origin. The male above weighs 12 lb. Breed is raised mainly for heavy roasting chickens.



White Plymouth Rocks are dual purpose chickens, valuable for both fine meat and eggs. The cock above weighs 9½ lb.



Dark Brahma males are excellent for caponizing. Normally they weigh about 11 lb., if caponized will often reach 16 lb.



Modern Birchen Game Bantam is a tiny chicken. It weighs only about 22 oz. Breeders raise them for exhibition, pets.



Plain Silver Polish male is one of most beautiful chickens. It is bred as an ornamental fowl. Male above weighs 5 lb.



Plain Silver Polish hens refuse to become mothers. They lay eggs but never hatch them. Breed goes back 400 years.



Black-Tailed Japanese Bantams are very short-legged pets which strut continually. Male bird above weighs only 26 oz.



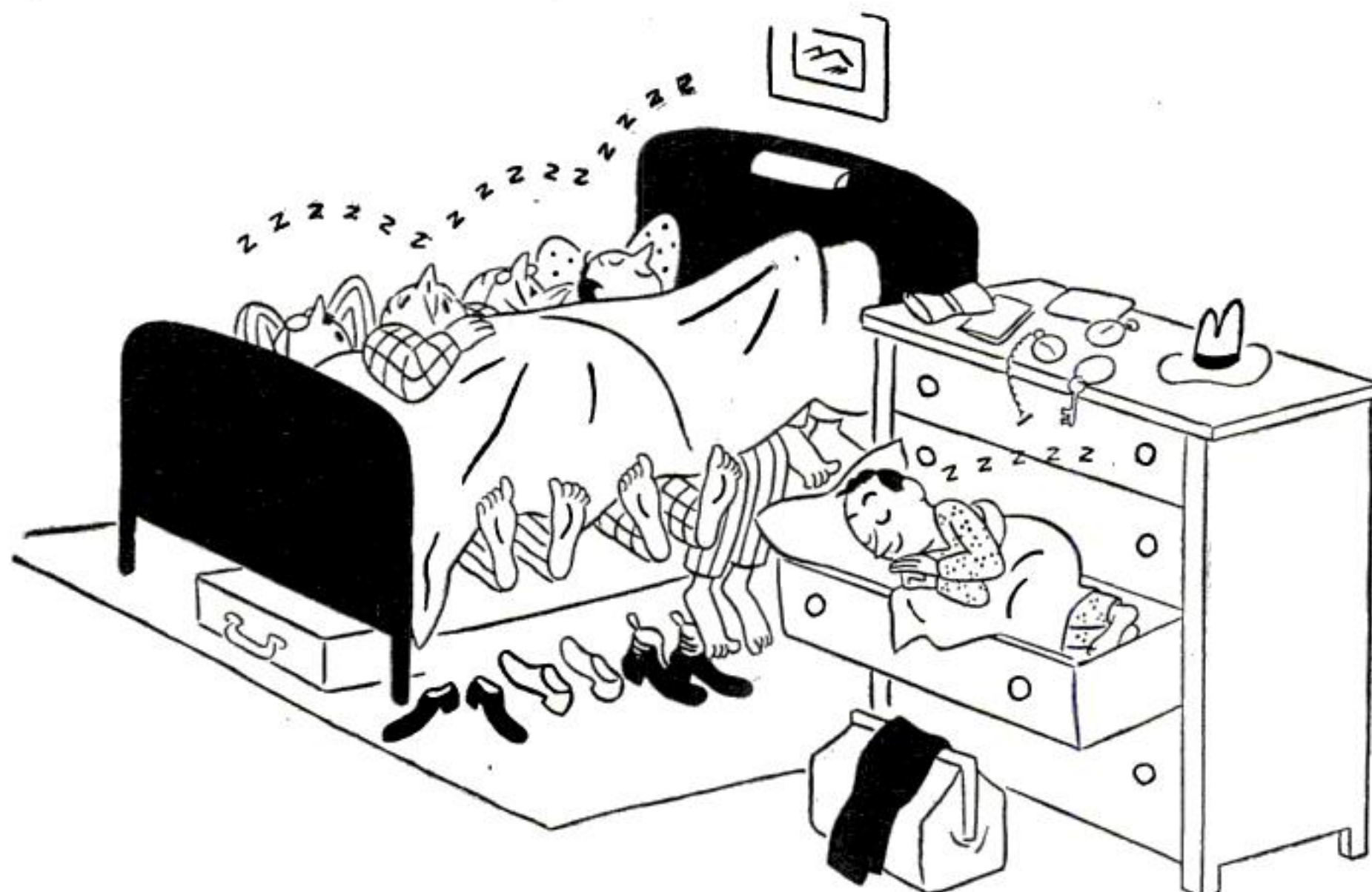
Frizzled Sultans were shown this year for the first time in U.S. Male above has every fancy feather a chicken can have.



White-Crested Black Polish are popular with estate owners because they look pretty walking around on green lawns.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

It never quite
came to this...



and it may never
come to this, but...



When wartime conditions begin to ease in the Statler Hotels, we hope to be able to offer our guests the exact accommodations they may desire, *whenever* they may require them.

For that matter, *right now* we believe you'll agree we're doing a remarkable job of accommodating our guests despite the handicaps with which we're faced.

We're still providing our comfortable rooms with their famous beds. And, even in the face of the worst man-power shortages, we have *always* maintained the really important and helpful Statler services our guests have every right to expect of us.

Of course, until victory brings with it the opportunity to extend an even fuller measure of Statler



hospitality to our many guests, all the Statler people who serve you will appreciate your continued thoughtful attention to...

Making reservations in advance.

Informing us of your hour of arrival and day of departure.

Cancelling unwanted rooms promptly.

**YOUR DOLLARS ARE URGENTLY
NEEDED FOR U. S. WAR BONDS**



HOTELS STATLER IN
BOSTON \$3.85 BUFFALO \$3.30 CLEVELAND \$3.00
DETROIT \$3.00 ST. LOUIS \$3.00 WASHINGTON \$4.50

STATLER-OPERATED
HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA \$3.85 HOTEL WILLIAM PENN \$3.85
NEW YORK PITTSBURGH

Rates Begin At Prices Shown



15 Minutes make a Feast the **40-Fathom** way

1.

WHEN the clock says, "Time's a wastin'"...when the family says, "We're hungry!"...it's time for 40-Fathom Fillets (cod, rose-fish, haddock, etc.). Just peel off the wrapper—these delicious, all-meat cuts of sea-fresh fish are ready for the skillet.

2.

YOUR work is nine tenths *done before you start*, the 40-Fathom way! We cut the choicest meat from fresh-caught fish—then quick-freeze with a blast of cold that seals their freshness in.

3.

NO BONES. No waste. No trouble. Best of all, no objectionable "fishy" smell! For a mouth-watering treat—buy 40-Fathom Fillets today! 40-Fathom goodness comes in a wide variety of quick-frozen, canned, and fresh seafood. Ask your grocer.



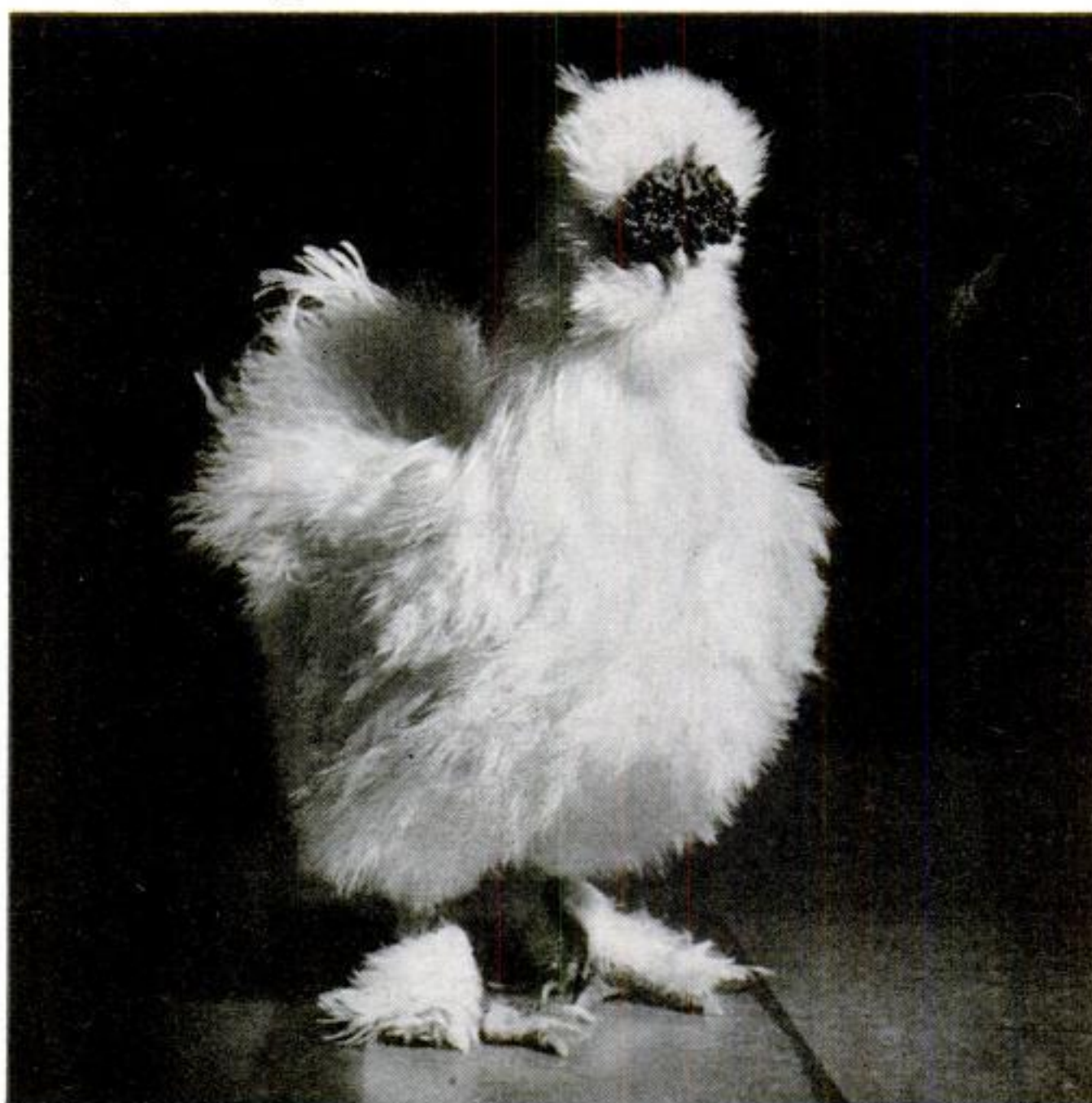
Golden-Brown Fillets IN JUST A JIFFY!

Just remove these flaky fillets from their wrappers, season, and rub with butter or fat. Sear under hot flame. Lower flame gradually and turn fillets until brown and tender. M-m-m! Delicious! Try 'em soon!

40-FATHOM FISH, INC.
BOSTON



Pretty Poultry (continued)



Bearded White Silkies have feathers that feel like fur. This male weighs 32 oz. Hens are excellent mothers. Game farms use them to hatch and raise pheasants and quail.



Silver Sebrights are one of the tiniest and cutest Bantams. Both male (*above*) and female have silvery-white feathers laced all around with narrow edge of shiny black.



Sebastopol goose has blue eyes and long curled feathers, is easily raised, tastes fine roasted. Term poultry includes chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, pheasants, guineas.

PSST! HERE'S A TIP FOR YOU!



These days an A-1, ace-high, genuine rubber tip is good news! Here it is on Ticonderoga—the smoothest, easiest, best-writing pencil that ever whizzed through a day's work. Easy to identify—look for the green plastic ferrule with double yellow stripes.

Demand the fine American pencil with the fine American name.

TICONDEROGA

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 43-J1, Jersey City 3, N. J.
Canadian Plant: Dixon Pencil Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.



"Don't ask Daddy for a football suit this morning—he's out of Marlin Blades!"

Marlin double edge blades 18 for 25c. Guaranteed by The Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn.



DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION



WHY, SURE !
L.S./M.F.T.



COSMO DE SALVO

It's all in knowing how

As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined. And our country has always encouraged the boyhood knack of making things—especially things that work. That's one reason why America is rich in stories of men who could do the hard wartime jobs—such as the one told below.

For many years before the war, General Motors men kept busy making more and better things for more people. They had learned through endless research and experiment how to improve the quality of these things, while at the same time producing them in large volume.

They reduced complicated mechanisms, like an automobile, to their simplest parts—made these parts exactly alike in great numbers—then assembled them into complete units.

This cut time and costs so low nearly everyone could own a good car—and most people did.

But the war brought problems that promised to stump even the experts in volume production.

For example, the famous Oerlikon gun, a piece so precisely made it seemed that only slow handwork could ever duplicate it.

But General Motors men took it on. They redrew blueprints from metric to English measure. They devised new machines and new methods that produced to ultra-precise limits.

The production skill acquired over many years was quickly focused on this task. And soon our ships began to bristle with thousands of those quick-firers that rip dive bombers to pieces.

Spitting 400 shells to the minute, GM-built Oerlikon guns barked notice to the world that American



methods were as adaptable to making guns as to producing automobiles.

This is just one wartime example out of many hundreds that shows how America is benefiting from its peacetime mass-production "know-how" and its manufacturing skill.

Ability to make things in great numbers is as useful in protecting our American way of life as it was in enriching that life before war came.

And when total victory is won, it will be ready in peace to provide more and better things for more people.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC
BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE • GMC TRUCK AND COACH

Every Sunday Afternoon — GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR — NBC Network



MAKE VICTORY COMPLETE



Buy More War Bonds



Ingrid Bergman

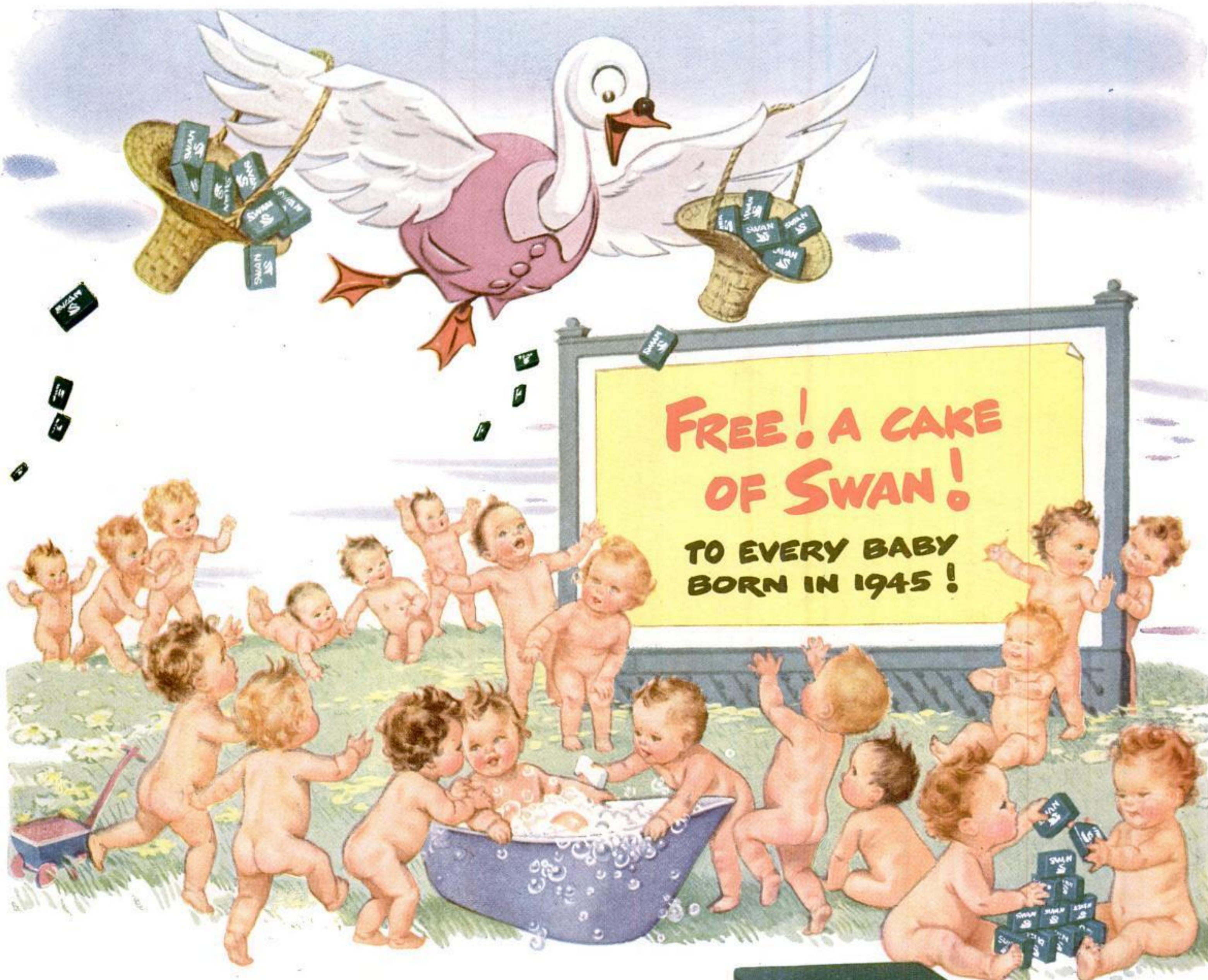
AN OIL PAINTING BY ALEXANDER BROOK

This portrait of the Swedish-born actress is second in a series which LIFE commissioned Alexander Brook to make of three of Hollywood's leading stars (LIFE, Nov. 20). In it the artist has captured the warm, shy beauty which distinguishes Ingrid Bergman and helps to make her one of the most enchanting performers on the screen.

At her Hollywood coming-out party five years ago, Ingrid Bergman did not know the meaning of "oomph" when she was introduced to a room filled with it. She excused herself and ran upstairs to look up the word in her Swedish-English dictionary. Since then she has learned a great deal about America and its kind of movie-making. Her perfor-

mances in the U. S. (most notable: *Intermezzo*, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, *Casablanca*) have demonstrated that she approaches work with greater humility and perception than any other actress in Hollywood. Under contract to The Selznick Studio, she now earns about \$2,500 a week.

Athletic and tall (5 ft. 7 in.), Ingrid Bergman is Hollywood's greatest walker. She likes to eat huge sandwiches, read to her 6-year-old daughter Pia and play jazz records. Her husband, Dr. Petter Lindstrom, has recently begun special surgical research in the U. S. After five years of apartment life Miss Bergman recently purchased a \$65,000 mansion in Benedict Canyon, her first permanent home in her new land.



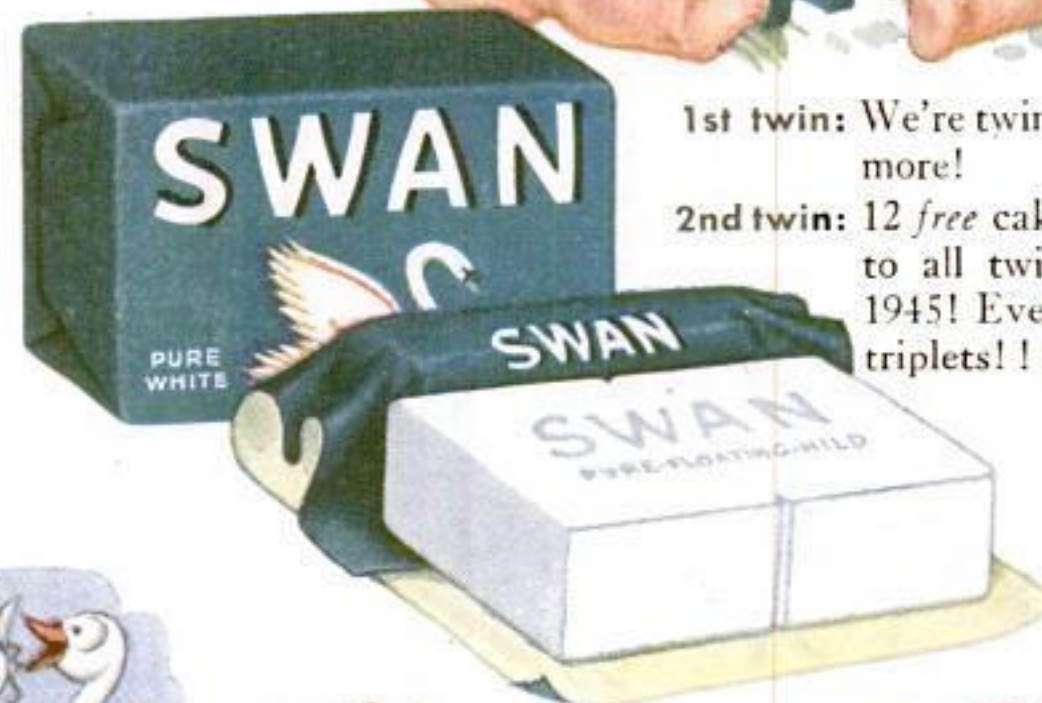
HERE's a Happy Birthday present for every baby born in the United States during 1945! A **FREE** cake of pure Swan!

Now your baby's first baths can be a joy with this mild and sudsy floating soap. Now gentle Swan can help your baby keep that gorgeous pink 'n white perfection!

Doctors everywhere will tell you Swan's

grand for babies. Pure as fine castles! Angel-mild!

So if you have a new baby, born any time from January 1st through December 31st, 1945, just fill out the coupon below. Or get a Swan Baby Coupon from your grocer. And mail it in. We'll send your baby a cake of Swan Soap *absolutely free*!



1st twin: We're twins, so we get more!

2nd twin: 12 *free* cakes of Swan to all twins born in 1945! Even more for triplets!!!



Baby-smooth complexion for Mama, too! Want that fresh-cheeked, baby look yourself? Steal some of baby's pure, mild Swan lather and see what wonders it does for your skin!



You'll love the way Swan "babies" your hands in the dishpan. Helps keep 'em smooth and velvety. And, oh joy—here's one mild floating soap that really suds up *fast*!



Delicate fabrics need baby care! Gentle Swan helps dainty lingerie and baby clothes look lovely, last and last! Get your *free* cake of Swan Soap for your new baby—and buy three more cakes for bath, dishes, duds!



This coupon entitles your new baby to a **FREE** cake of Swan Soap! Paste on penny post card and mail to Swan, Box 3, New York 8, New York. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1945.

SWAN, Box 3
New York 8, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

Please send my baby a cake of Swan Soap **absolutely FREE**. (Only one free gift to a baby.)

Baby's name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Baby's date of birth _____

Mother's full name _____

Doctor's name _____



LIFE CORRESPONDENT JOHN HERSEY CHATS WITH DIRECTOR PUZIREV IN LATTER'S HOME. THEY HAVE JUST FINISHED AN ENORMOUS LUNCH PUNCTUATED BY MANY TOASTS

SOVIET BUSINESS EXECUTIVE

HE IS A SELF-MADE MAN WHO BUILDS MACHINES, OWNS A YACHT AND LIKES TO ARGUE ABOUT BALLET

by JOHN HERSEY

Nikolai Dmitrovitch Puzirev is the director of the Kirov heavy-machinery plant at Leningrad. He is an executive. His nearest counterpart in the U. S. would be a \$40,000-a-year vice president in charge of production in a key plant. This is an account of what he is like and of the life he lives.

This man is only 41 years old. He is 5 ft. 6½ in. tall and weighs 177 lb. He has an oval, amiable face. His blue eyes are bright but they are surrounded by the dark pouches that a man gets who habitually lives very hard, both at work and at play. He stands and walks with his shoulders slightly bent over. His whole person has the somewhat defiant look of one who has been through the worst phases of a bad war. Nowadays, however, he is on the whole quite cheerful, almost exuberant; things seem to be going very well for Nikolai Dmitrovitch Puzirev.

Director Puzirev lives in a simple four-room apartment at 2 Gorokhovaya St., within a stone's throw of one of Leningrad's most beautiful landmarks, the spire of Peter the Great's Admiralty. Since Leningrad lost homes for 700,000 out of its population of 3,150,000 during the

LIFE Editor John Hersey has been the Moscow correspondent for *Time* and *LIFE* since August 1944. He has written two books of war reporting (*Men on Bataan*, *Into the Valley*) and is also author of last year's best-selling novel *A Bell for Adano*. In this article he writes of a figure whose very existence will surprise many Americans—a Russian big businessman.

siege and since Director Puzirev himself was bombed and shelled out of two previous apartments, he is lucky to have as nice a home as he does.

Although he seldom gets to bed before 2, the Director gets up in this apartment at about 7 o'clock each morning. He usually puts on a white shirt with metal cuff links, a Russian-made necktie which is quietly patterned and predominantly gray and a gray suit. Over his left breast pocket he wears three military ribbons, orders awarded him for his factory's production and for his part in the defense of Leningrad. His

appearance when fully clothed is extremely unpretentious and humble though neat. When he has dressed, the Director goes to his living-dining room, which is about 30 ft. long, 12 ft. wide and 18 ft. high. At the living-room end, which faces on the street, the room contains four arm-chairs, a sofa covered with a durable gray-green material, a heavily carved upright piano, a small table with a vase of mixed flowers and a big box of Russian cigarets, another small table which holds a hand-crank gramophone under a large pile of books, albums, newspapers and magazines, and a bookcase with a glass front containing mostly Russian books, but among other foreign books, an anthology of English literature edited by Mark Van Doren—although the Director does not speak English. At the dining-room end the room contains a light oak highboy, a smaller sideboard, a table which comfortably seats eight, and in the corner a very tall wood stove.

Director Puzirev sits down at the table and eats a breakfast consisting of two eggs, bread, butter and coffee prepared by his wife. After breakfast he smokes a cigaret of a brand known

as Kazbek. This is one of the best Russian cigarettes. It is three and one-half inches long. As in all Russian cigarettes an inch and a half contains tobacco and the rest consists of a rolled, holder-like tube. The tobacco is dark and strong. Director Puzirev holds the cigaret between thumb and forefinger from underneath, with the back of his hand forward.

As he eats and smokes the Director talks with his 18-year-old son. This boy is very *kulturni*, or cultured. In Russian the word cultured has a much broader meaning than in English. It embraces not only Pushkin, the Moscow Art Theater, Prokofieff and their likes, but also good movies, nice clothes, pleasant parks, streamlined automobiles, not jostling in the subway, not spitting on the floor and not going to bed with boots on. The Director's son keeps his room spick-and-span and he hangs over his bed unframed prints of works of old masters. He also knows all there is to know about bicycles and understands most modern machines, can discuss the theater intelligently and is a great one for sports, especially soccer, here as in England called football. At breakfast Director Puzirev kids and joshes his son, for he is a very gay man even early in the morning.

At about 8:15 the Director goes down three very dark flights of stone steps through an earth-paved courtyard and out to the street where his Zis limousine waits for him. This is a big car which looks something like a Cadillac of about 1940. There have been hard times in Leningrad and the car does not have a spectacular polish. Director Puzirev gets in the front seat with his chauffeur, whom he likes very much, and together they ride about 45 minutes out of town to the factory.

Director Puzirev drives himself terrifically. He works between 14 and 16 hours a day. He arrives at his office in the administration building of the plant at 9 o'clock. His office is a huge room paneled in dark wood and he sits behind a very big glass-topped desk on which are oversize brass inkpots, a date pad, several notebooks and papers in a pile. To his left on a separate desk is a large speaker box and on a shelf behind him a French-style telephone and a desk lamp. On the wall behind him there is a large portrait of Lenin and on the opposite wall one of Stalin.

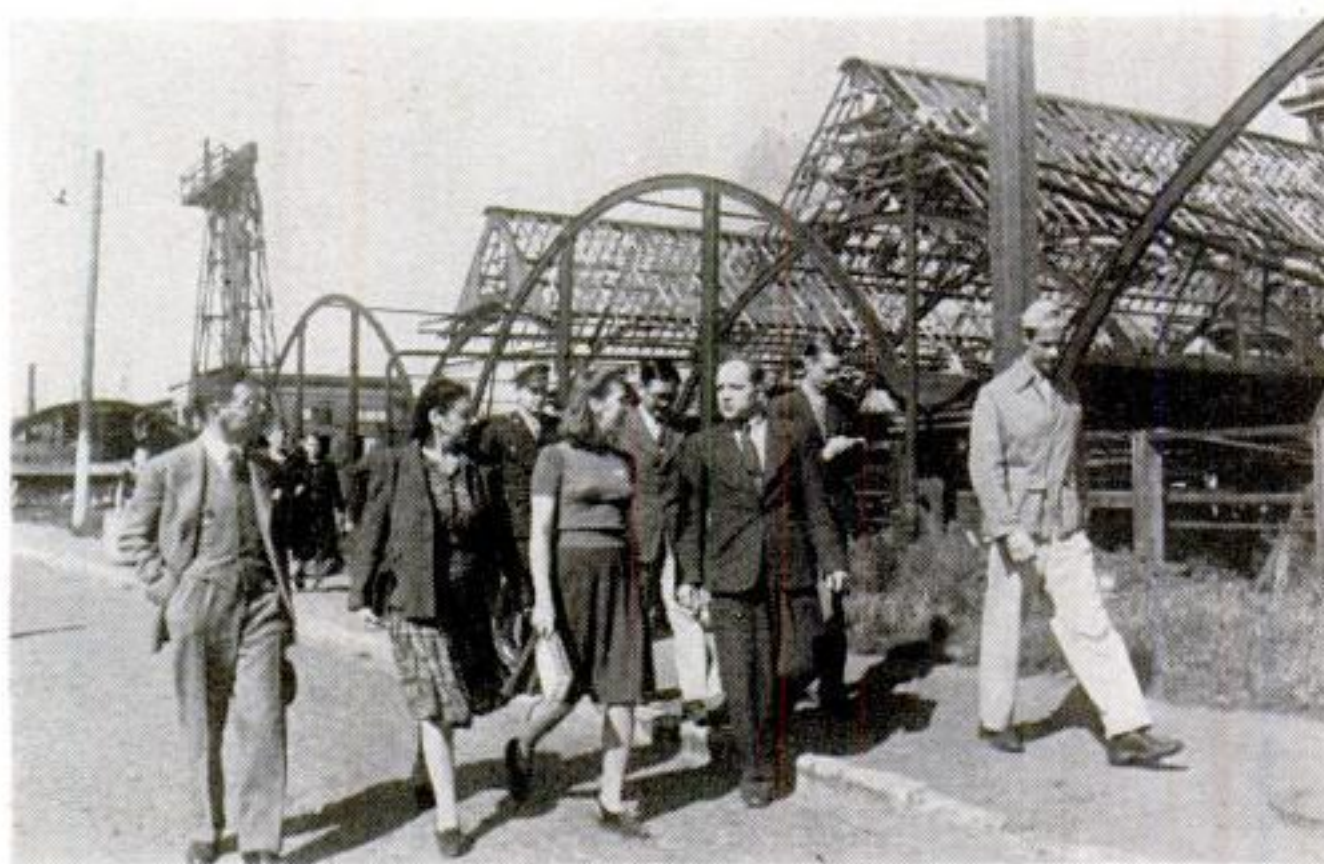
First Puzirev receives separately the managers of the factory's 20 shops. Next he goes through his correspondence, reads the morning papers and studies reports and directives from the Commissariat of Heavy Industry and from various Leningrad organizations. Shortly after midday he begins a personal inspection of all the plant's activities. He does not have his second meal of the day, his "dinner," until 5 o'clock. This is specially served to him in his private "room of rest" just off his office. This meal consists of varying salads, Russian borsch, which he calls the "obligatory dish," beefsteak or a veal cutlet or another meat dish and fruit compote. Puzirev says with a grin, "The director gets his food all right."

Puzirev's is oldest plant in Russia

After dinner his work is different every day. Some days he goes around to the barracks where the workers of the plant live. A couple of times a week he has extended long-distance telephone talks with representatives of the People's Commissariat in Moscow. Sometimes he receives visitors, inspectors or advisers. Finally, very

late at night, he has a conference with his chief engineer and chief technologist and they discuss problems of the morrow and the near future. The Director gets home between midnight and 2 o'clock and eats his "night supper" of cabbage, beets or other vegetables and bread prepared by his wife.

It is when you walk around the plant with him during his long day that you can best see Director Puzirev's pride in his baby. He talks about the factory in a salty, wry manner. "This," he says, "is the oldest plant in Russia. In seven years this plant will be 150 years old. I assure you the director of this plant is only one quarter of that." Before the Revolution the plant



Puzirev conducts correspondents of foreign newspapers around Kirov works. In the background are skeletons of factory shops destroyed by German shelling of Leningrad.

was known as the Putilov factory and was quite famous. The Director says with a smile, "We had nothing particularly against the bourgeois Putilov. He did build us a pretty good plant—even if he did build it on a swamp." Mikhail Ivanovitch Kalinin, who is now president of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, worked there on a lathe.

Puzirev says that before this war Kirov was the most important plant in the Leningrad area and one of the most important in the whole country. It employed 32,000 workers and produced tractors, turbines, electrical equipment, cannons and many new types of special and experimental machinery.

Just now the plant is a sorry sight. During the siege the Germans came within three miles of the factory and held it under observation and shellfire for many months. Much of its equipment and personnel was evacuated across Lake Ladoga during the siege—by boat, by trucks across the ice and even by submarine. But about 5,000 workers chose to stay behind and keep the plant running. The entire time Director Puzirev lived at the plant in a basement connected by a tunnel with the plant's military command post. The place became a fort as well as a factory. Defenses were thrown up all around the plant. Today, showing you the most formidable breastworks made of steel plates and dirt capped with barbed wire, Director Puzirev laughs and says, "I am not a general, I am only an engineer, but this is the Puzirev line. I can't compare with Mannerheim or Maginot, but I did pretty well just the same."

At present the factory has returned to about 20% of prewar production. It is turning out turbines, shells, cannon, certain emergency machinery and it repairs diesel engines for tanks. Director Puzirev does not plan to bring back the machinery evacuated to the Urals, where it is now hard at work, but will replace it with new machinery. He says, "I hope for the help of my

American and British friends in getting new machinery," and then he adds with his beguiling grin, "but I hope within ten years to return the equipment I got from my friends—and more, too." Director Puzirev makes quite a bit of this matter of returning our aid and brings it up often in his conversation. He is clearly full of a healthy competitive spirit. When you ask him how long he thinks it will take to get his plant back to 100% production, he answers sadly, "I would like to do it tomorrow, but I think it will take about a year and a half."

Since Director Puzirev's personal success is measured in terms of the productivity of his plant, his relations with his workers are naturally extremely important. These seem to be most cordial. As he goes around the factory, workers salute him and then come up and shake his hand and he gives a little bow and says a few words of greeting, often using the worker's name. He is obviously very proud of his workers and is apt to call his favorites over to meet visitors. During our visit to one of his shops he waved his hand and a girl ran up. "This," he said, "is Antonia Muzinik, our best Stakhanovite worker. She is 20 years old. She is very pretty, isn't she? She could marry anyone she wanted to, but at present she is very angry. She says that when all the Germans are killed then she will get married, not sooner."

Director Puzirev's fraternization with his workers is striking to an American. The workers are apt to be very curious about Allied visitors and many of them crowd around newcomers. The Director does not order them back to their machines but spends his time nodding, bowing and shaking hands with them.

If Director Puzirev seems emotional about his plant it is undoubtedly because his whole career has been wrapped up in it and the top Kirov plant has given him a success story which in some ways sounds almost American. He was born of poverty-stricken parents in the town of Tula, near Moscow. "I had no private property before the Revolution," he says with a smile, "and neither did my parents." He says he knows Moscow very well, better than most Muscovites—because as a poor urchin he used to earn a few kopecks running from one rich man's house to another carrying messages. He says he knows every lane and every square by heart.

Soviet success story

He was only 15 at the time of the Revolution and he says it gave him his first chance in life. He made his way to Leningrad, went to work for the Red Putilov factory and eventually entered the Leningrad polytechnical institute. He was very ambitious. While studying at the institute he also worked at the Red Putilov factory. This was a strenuous program but Nikolai Dmitrovitch Puzirev seems to have more than his share of energy.

His first job in the plant was as a watchman. Later he got a job as an unskilled worker, then as a lathe operator, then he advanced to department head and finally to shop head. He had been working at the plant for 18 years when in 1942 the Commissariat of Heavy Machine-Building Industry appointed him director of the plant. He already has earned a reputation as one of the outstanding plant directors in the whole country.

The Soviet Union has rewarded him well for his terrific expenditure of energy. Besides his

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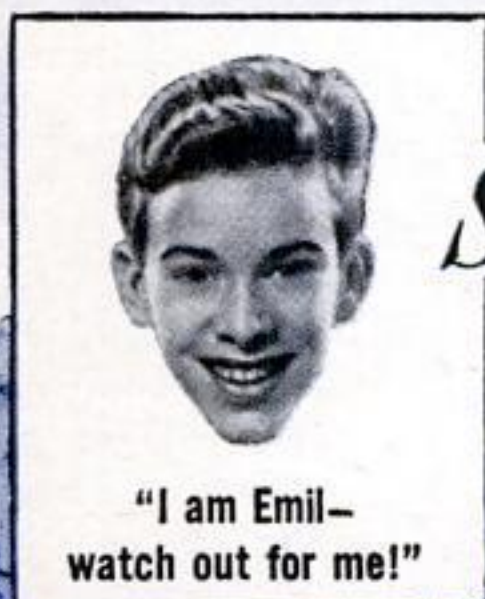
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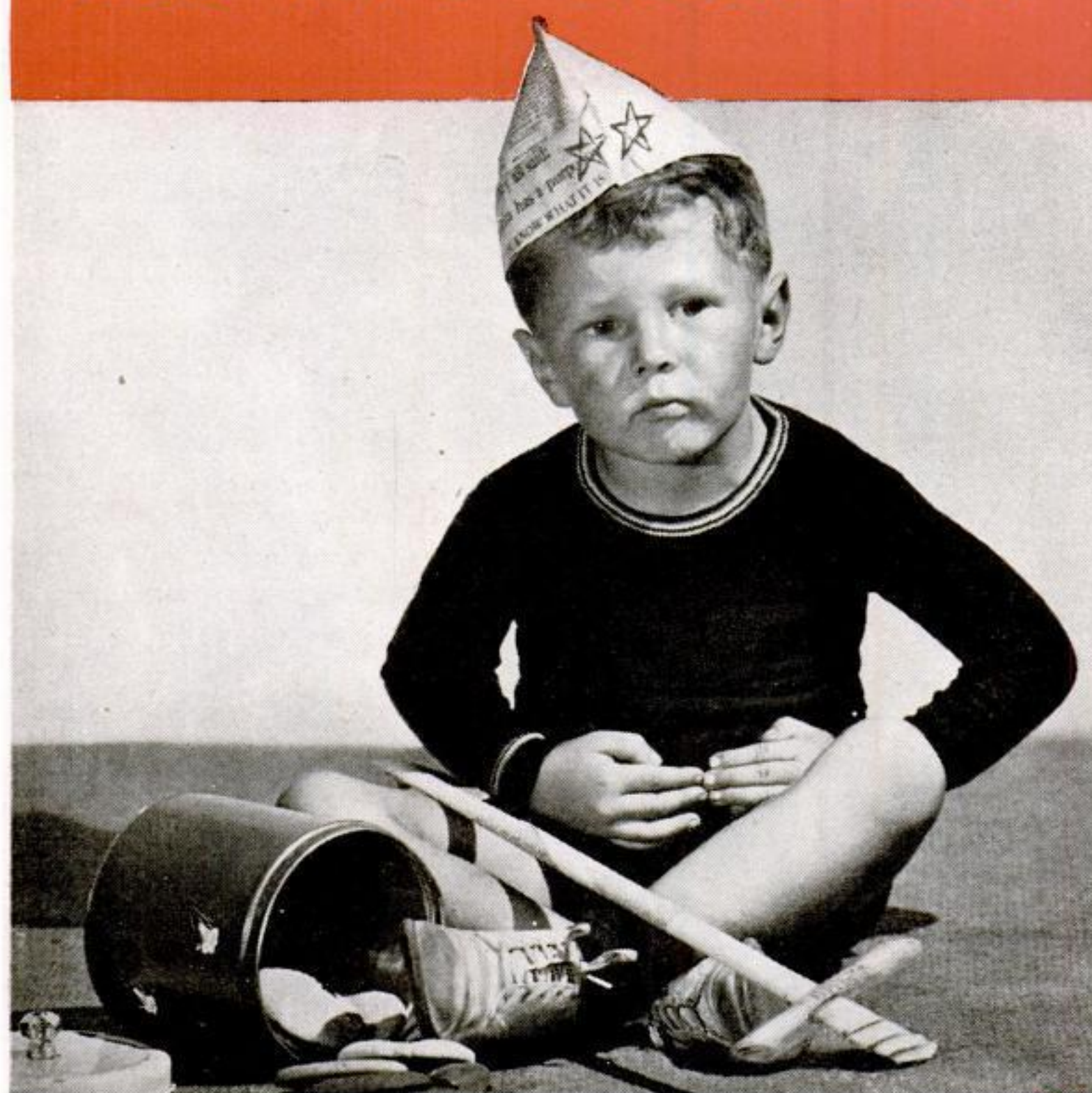
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for UPSET Stomach



Puzirev family sit together at the Kirov Theater. Mrs. Puzirev wears the Order of the British Empire over her heart. Hersey says this photograph does not do her justice.

SOVIET EXECUTIVE (continued)

relatively comfortable apartment and his Zis he has a private Douglas DC-3 transport plane in which he takes business to Moscow and elsewhere. He can afford two servants. He has a yacht in which he spends pleasant Sundays on the Gulf of Finland. He has a *dacha*, or country house, in the beautiful mountain country close to the border of Finland. He often goes there for weekends in spring, summer and autumn.

He is able, furthermore, to lead a wholly cultural life in both the Russian and the English sense of the word. When the season is on at the theater, rivalry is hot in the Puzirev family. The Director likes ballet best, his wife prefers opera and his son favors drama. Even within the scope of his own favorite entertainment there is room for debate. Like Spaniards who argue passionately over the merits of various bullfighters, like Brooklynites over ballplayers, Russians differ keenly on ballerinas. Director Puzirev is an enthusiastic partisan of Leningrad's own product, the lyrical and romantic Ulanova. At the Kirov, Leningrad's leading theater, he is always given special seats in the third, fourth or fifth row of the orchestra.

Besides enjoying these relaxations from his strenuous life, the Director is in a position to entertain with great gusto and charm. On the Sunday after our visit to his plant he was kind enough to invite a correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News* named Leigh White and me to luncheon. Also present besides Mrs. Puzirev were two Russian gentlemen and a Russian girl named Vera, all from Moscow.

Almost the first thing Director Puzirev said when his guests arrived was, "Do you drink Russian tea?"

We answered that we liked Russian tea very much, but were surprised when he picked up, not a teapot, but a fat little bottle of the vodka known as Moskovskaya, the standard brand of white vodka. By this time Mrs. Puzirev had invited us to seat ourselves at a table spread with an English-made tablecloth and covered with a vast assortment of foods.

A Russian tea party

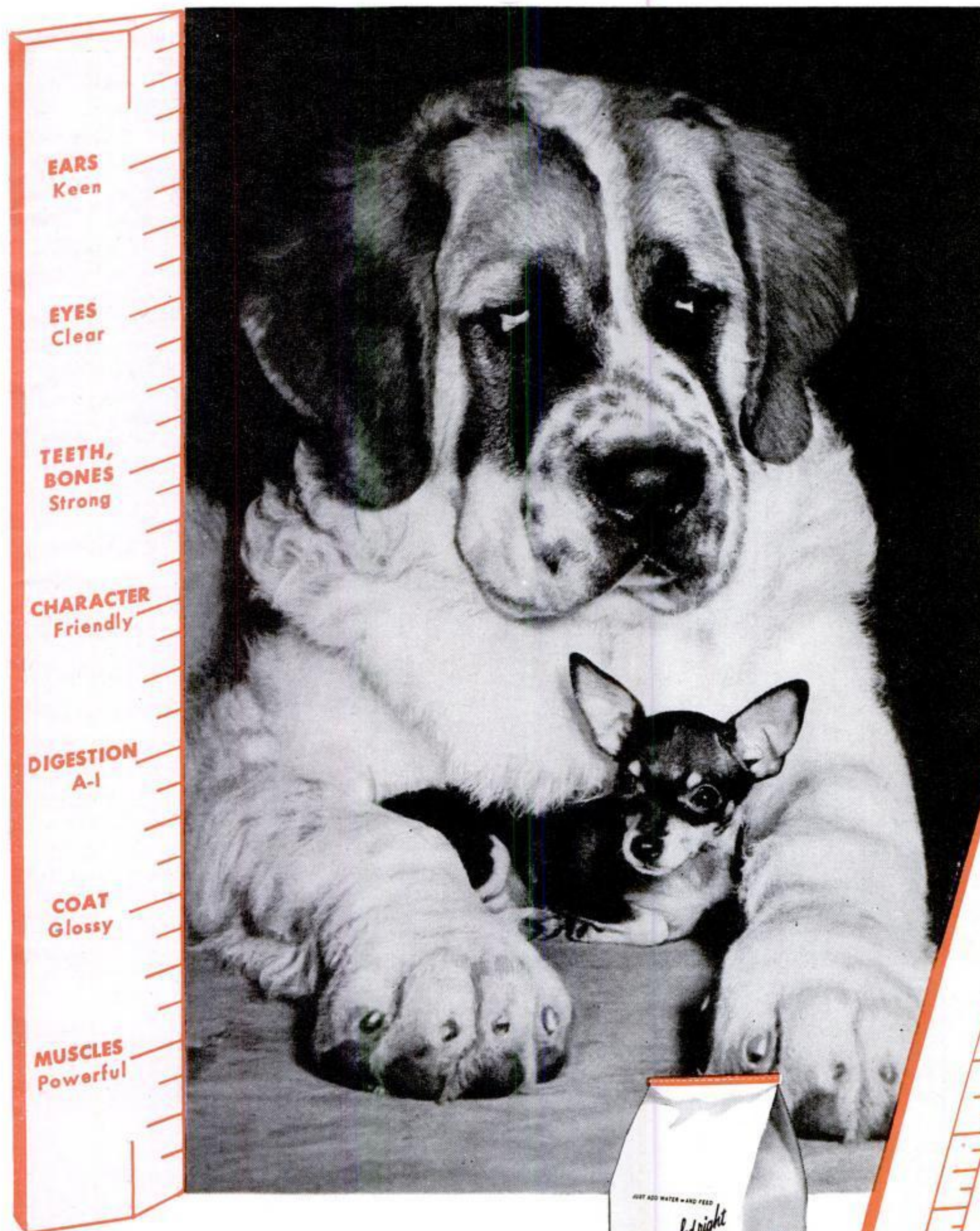
The Director poured a round of Russian tea and at once raised his glass and proposed, in Russian, a toast to the Allies—the U. S., Britain and Russia. All guests were obliged to touch glasses with all other guests and to swallow the glassful at one gulp in tribute to Allied soldiers everywhere. This was done and a warmth came into the conversation.

"I have a son," Director Puzirev said, pouring another round of Russian tea. We already knew this, but Director Puzirev is very proud of his son and talks about him whenever he has a chance. He said, "My son is 18 years old, but I should not say that because you would never have known that my beautiful wife could be the mother of such a son."

This was true. Mrs. Puzirev, dressed in meticulously clean and crisply pressed white organdy, with a blonde braid wound around her head like a crown of silk, was a very pleasing sight even before the first round of Russian tea. It was very hard to believe not only that she was the mother of an 18-year-old son, but that she had served as an interpreter in the front lines in the Spanish civil war and that she had earned the Order of the British Empire for her courageous behavior when, on her return from serving later as an interpreter in London, her ship was sunk near Murmansk and she helped others in the frigid water.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

BIG DOGS — LITTLE DOGS — all are better dogs when *EVERY INCH* is nourished by GAINES!



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SOVIET EXECUTIVE (continued)

Director Puzirev took a firm grip on his glass and continued to speak of his son. "My son was sorry he could not be here," he said. "He had to go to a football game. He plays center half but today he is watching. Today is being played the national championship between the Zenith team of Leningrad and the Lieutenants team of Moscow." He stood up. He said, "Let us drink to the victory of the heroic football players of Leningrad." Having heard that the best defense against a vodka offense is gluttony, the American correspondents went to work on the lunch.

For a very few moments early in this meal there was some consecutive conversation. Then the Director asked his wife if there was any more Russian tea. She reached behind her in the highboy and handed him a full bottle. He gave her the empty bottle and said quietly, "Fair exchange." There were new toasts, each to the bottom of the glass, in approximately the following order: to the Red Army; to the American guests (who were not, however, exempted from the drinking of the toast); to the happy future of the Puzirev family; to the new machinery of the people of the Kirov plant; three toasts, two with music, to the young lady named Vera who was that day celebrating her 22nd birthday; to all correspondents everywhere; to the women of Russia and especially of Leningrad and especially of the Puzirev family. Following this there were other toasts which now lie beyond the realm of memory. During approximately 45 minutes there were five "fair exchanges" between the Director and his increasingly beautiful wife, representing five full bottles of vodka.

In self-defense the American correspondents tried to revive conversation. They were not terribly successful. For instance, when they steered the conversation around to the topic of culture Director Puzirev said, "I am a very cultured man. In fact I like artistic things on the whole so much that a great number of Leningrad's artists are very good friends of mine. For instance, there is the famous actor Abrisakov. It was I who taught the famous actor Abrisakov how to drink vodka." By this time the Director was on his feet. "I told the famous actor Abrisakov," he said, "that it is necessary to raise the glass to the level of the mouth, bring it near to the mouth, extend the lower lip in this manner, place the glass against the lower lip like this and then do this," whereupon he tipped the glass perpendicularly above his head, moving the head backward and allowing the fluid to enter the mouth entirely. "If you can, do it correctly," he said.

The American correspondents did as instructed. Director Puzirev said to my colleague, Mr. White, "You are not like the famous actor Abrisakov. You do not need lessons."

There was one flash of seriousness left in the party. One of the correspondents, finding that he could still talk, asked Director Puzirev what he wanted most in the postwar world. His answer came out very quickly and spontaneously. He said simply, "Chiefly that there should be no more war."

It came time to leave. Director Puzirev insisted on taking his guests back to their hotel in his Zis. On the way there was a certain amount of singing. At the hotel the parting was friendly. Then Nikolai Dmitrovitch Puzirev waved his arm grandly and drove off on his way to a wonderful afternoon in his nice little yacht with his beautiful wife on the lovely Gulf of Finland.



Lenin spoke at factory during October Revolution of 1917. It was called Putilov Works then but later renamed Kirov. This scene is a movie re-enactment of Lenin's speech.

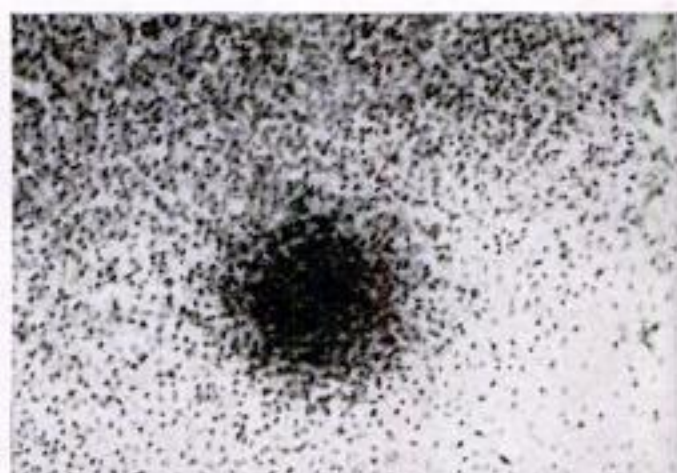
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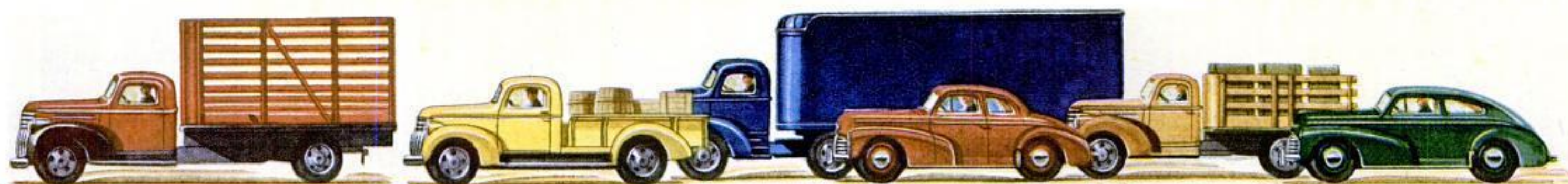
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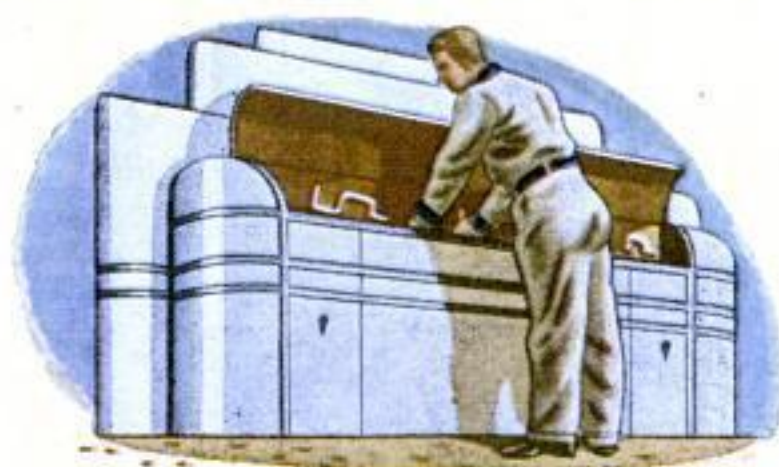


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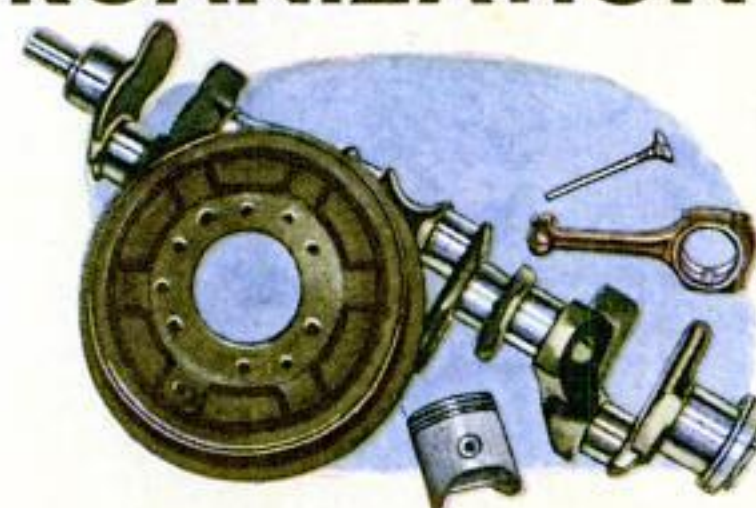
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IN "ON THE TOWN" SONO OSATO POSES IN FRONT OF HUGE BLOWUP OF PLACARD WHICH ANNOUNCES HER ELECTION AS "MISS TURNSTILES," QUEEN OF THE NEW YORK SUBWAYS

"ON THE TOWN"

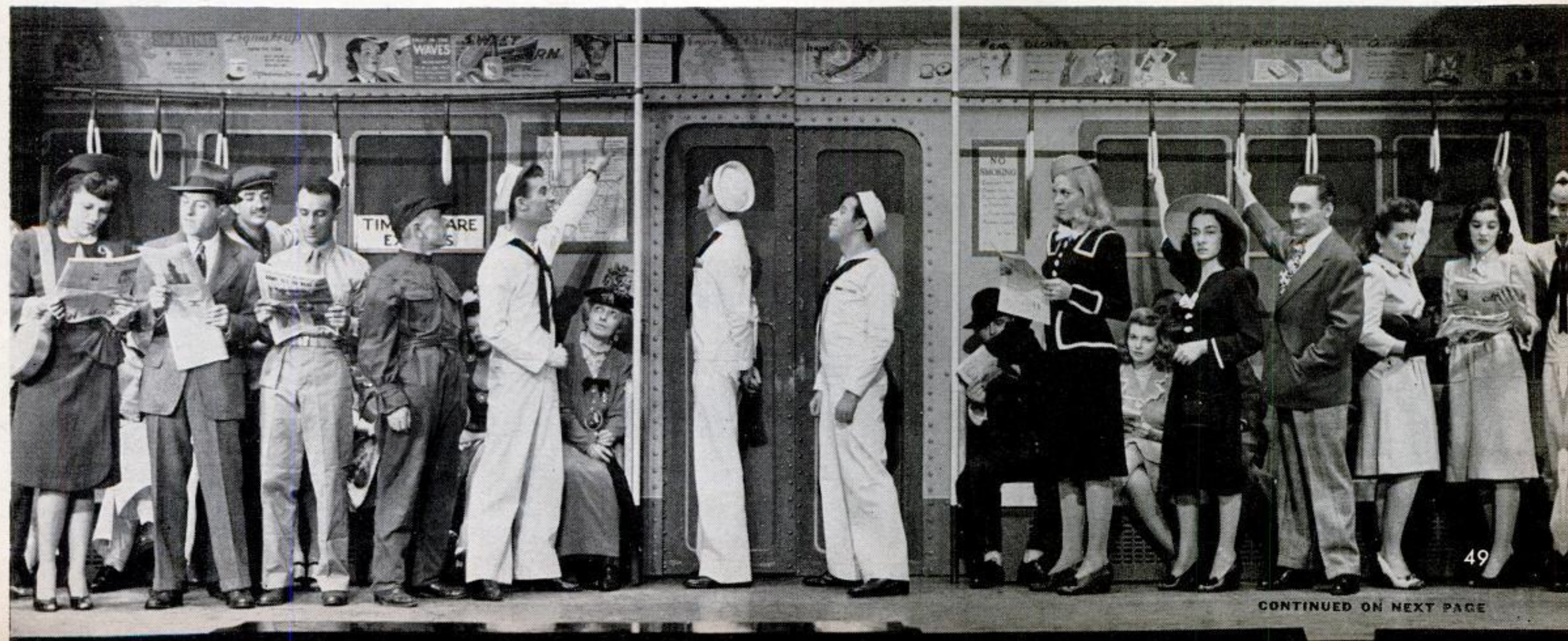
A gay musical comedy takes three sailors on a tour of New York

On the Town, the newest and most exuberant of Broadway's musical-comedy hits, is a wonderful vehicle for taking its audiences on an up-to-date tour of New York. Its heroes are three sailors who see a placard in the subway showing a girl who has been chosen "Miss Turnstiles" (see above). One of them falls in love with the picture and all three set out in different directions to find her. During their odyssey they visit three nightclubs, the American Museum of Natural History, an orange-drink stand in Times Square,

Carnegie Hall and finally Coney Island where Miss Turnstiles earns her living by kooch dancing.

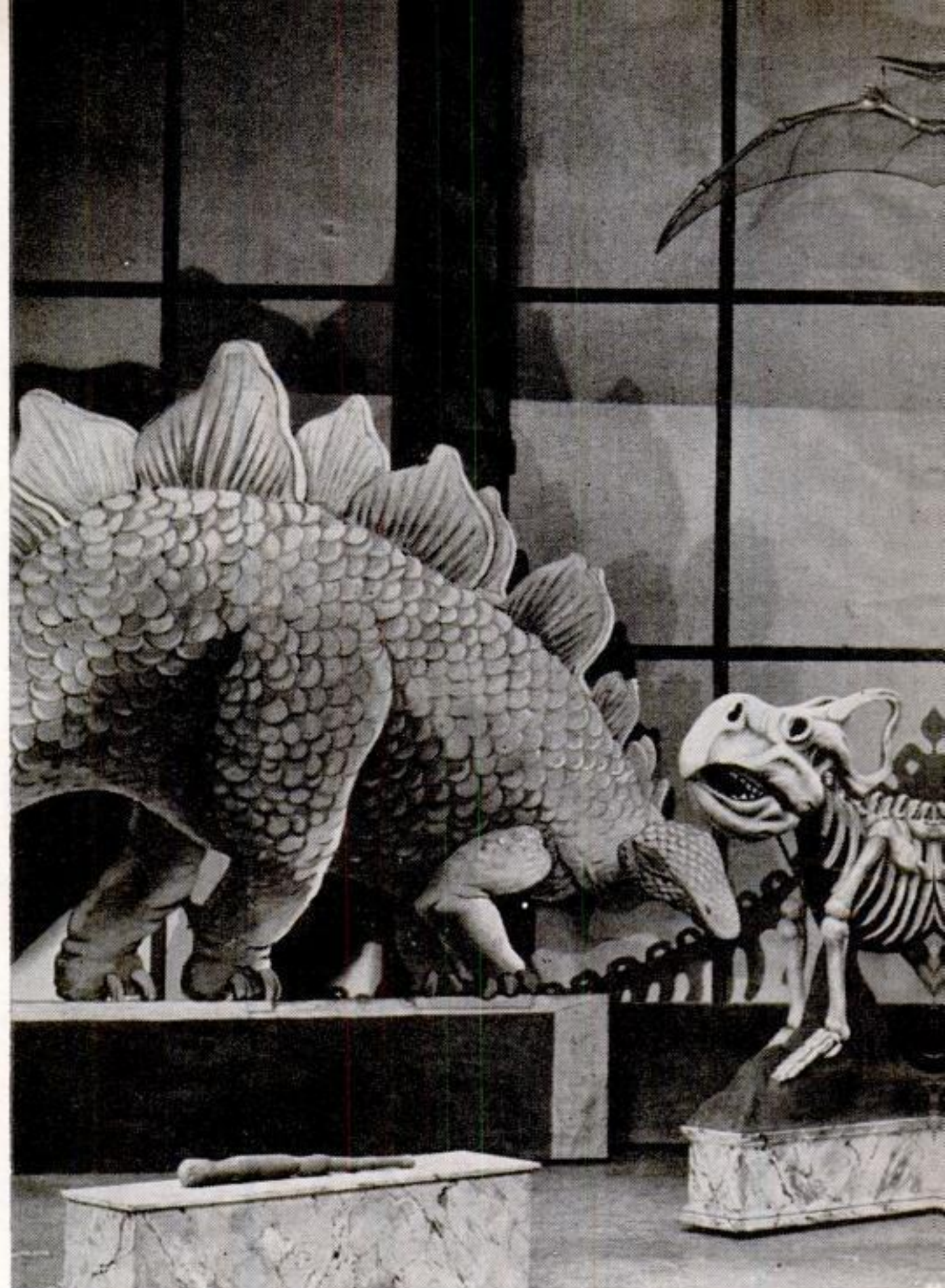
On the Town is based on *Fancy Free*, a ballet hit of last season by Leonard Bernstein and Jerome Robbins, choreographer. Jerome Robbins of the show's jazzy dances, was a leading male dancer in the Ballet Theatre. Bernstein, who wrote the gay music, is the 26-year-old guest conductor of New York Philharmonic Symphony and the composer of a brooding, prize-winning symphony, gloomily named *Jeremiah*.

ON THE SUBWAY THE THREE SAILORS, GABEY, CHIP AND OZZIE (CENTER), SEE THE PLACARD OF "MISS TURNSTILES." WHEN GABEY RAVES ABOUT IT, THEY SET OUT TO FIND HER





The search for Miss Turnstiles begins when one of the sailors, Chip (Cris Alexander), meets an energetic female cab driver (Nancy Walker). Against his protests she yanks him into her cab while singing *Come Up to My Place*. Chip's friends have gone elsewhere: Ozzie to Natural History Museum, Gabey to Carnegie Hall.

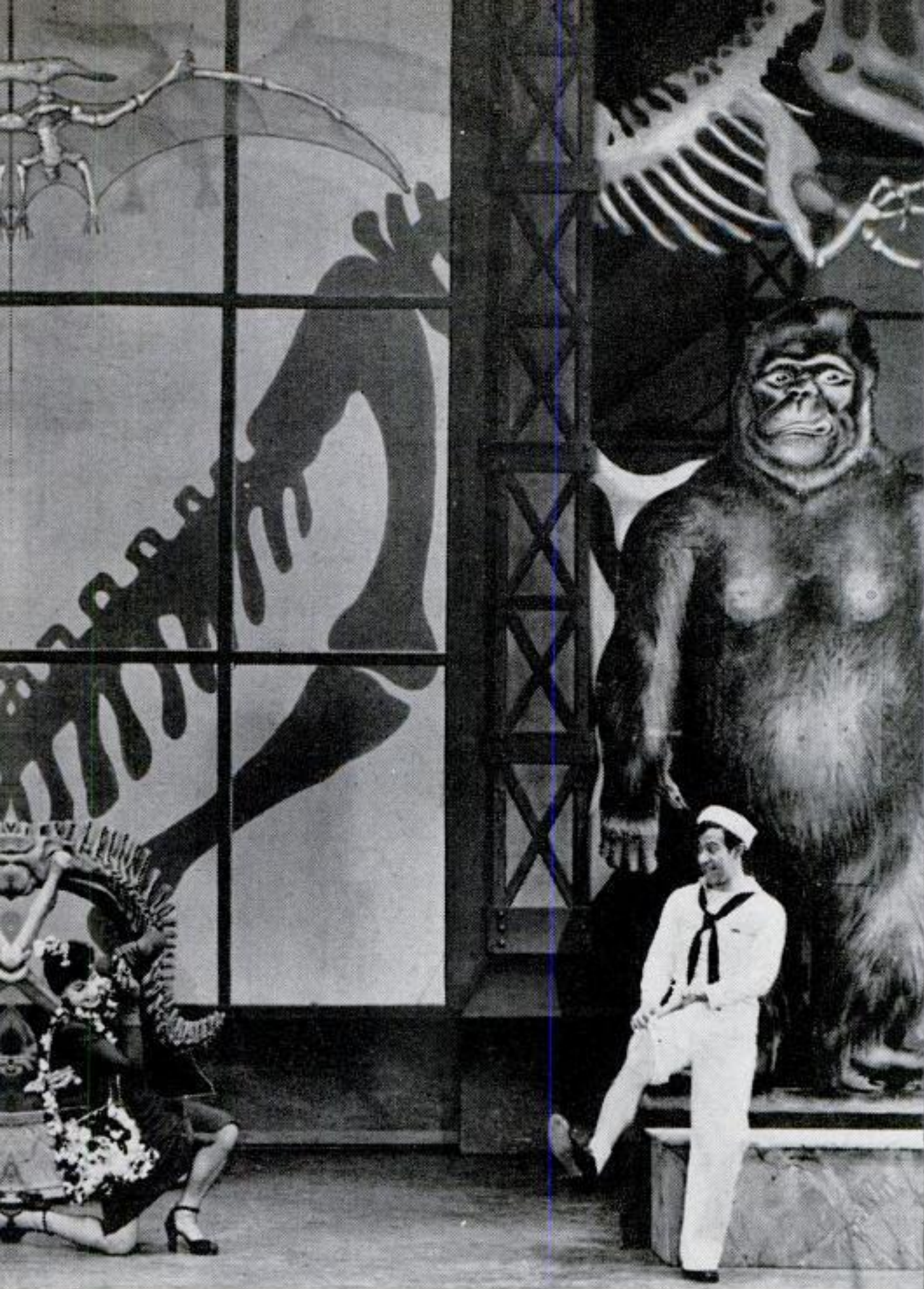


At the Museum of Natural History the second sailor, Ozzie, meets Claire, an anthropologist. He mistakes her interest in him for love. She disillusion him by announcing that she regards him merely as a modern counterpart of the prehistoric



In Times Square Gabey watches couples in Danceland while he waits for Miss Turnstiles. She has promised to meet him after what she pretends is a glamorous date to the theater. However, her singing teacher has forced her to break the date and go out to her job in Coney

Island instead. Later, when the teacher shows up drunk, she eventually tells Gabey that Miss Turnstiles is at Coney Island. He immediately goes there. En route he falls asleep on the subway and wildly dreams that he is Gabey the Great Lover and that Miss Turnstiles worships him.



creature shown behind him and that her interest is purely scientific. But suddenly she gives way to her impulses, kisses him violently. Ozzie and Claire are played by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, who also wrote the show's book and lyrics.



In rehearsal room at Carnegie Hall Ivy Smith, who is Miss Turnstiles, is with her teacher (Susan Steell). Sick of job as a dancer at Coney Island, Ivy wants to quit. Teacher, to whom she owes money, makes her stay. Gabey, who had read on poster (page 49) that Miss Turnstiles studies at Carnegie, wanders in, finds her.



At Coney Island Gabey discovers that Ivy Smith is just a kootch dancer in a honky-tonk and not a glamour girl. She is upset that he has learned about her and tries to run away from him. But he frantically grabs at her and accidentally pulls off her skirt. She is arrested for indecent

exposure and Gabey and his friends are handed over to the custody of the police for having created several disturbances. Show ends with Gabey, Ozzie and Chip back in the Brooklyn Navy Yard after their 24-hour leave and the three girls standing at the gate waving goodbye.

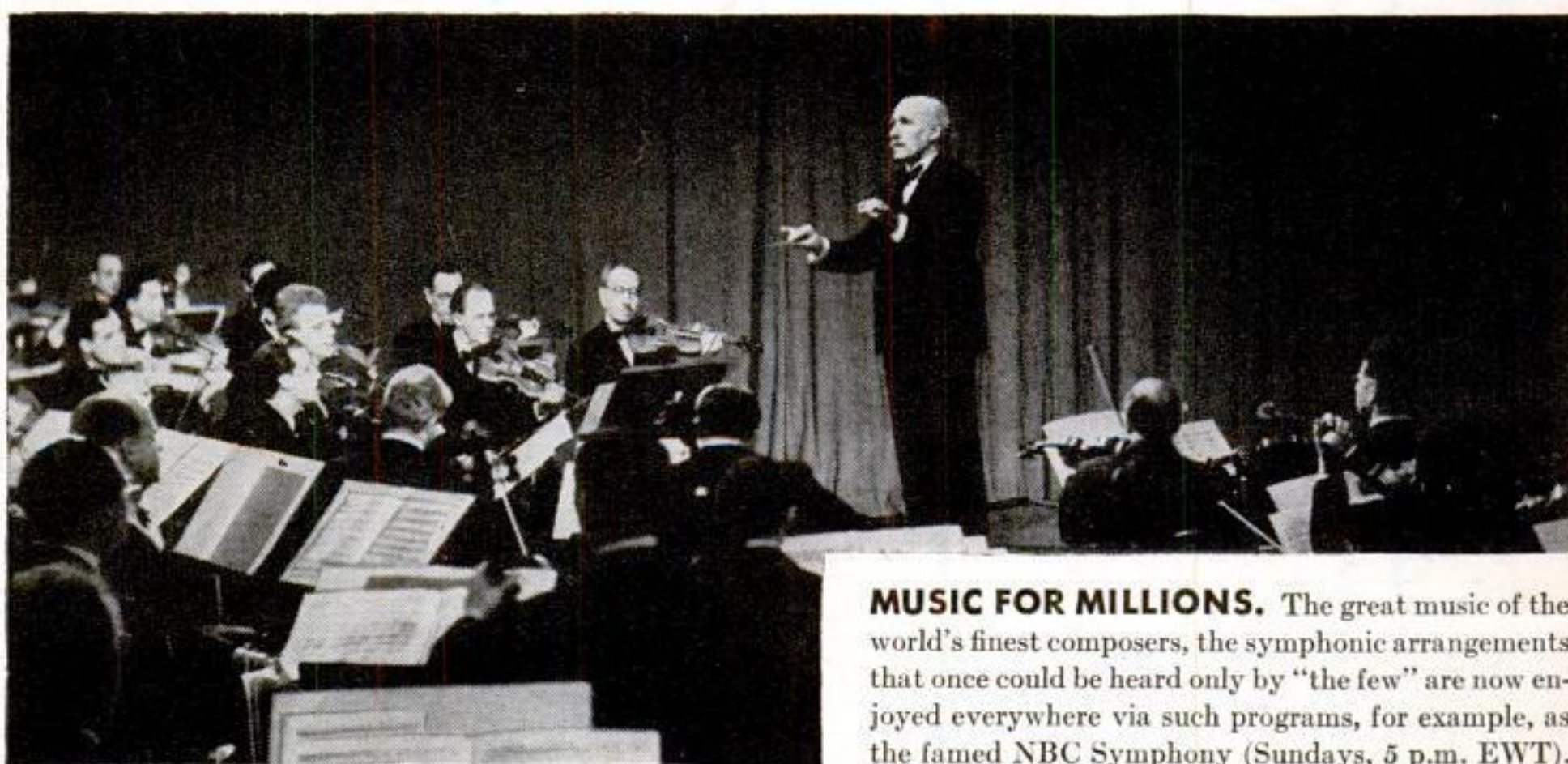
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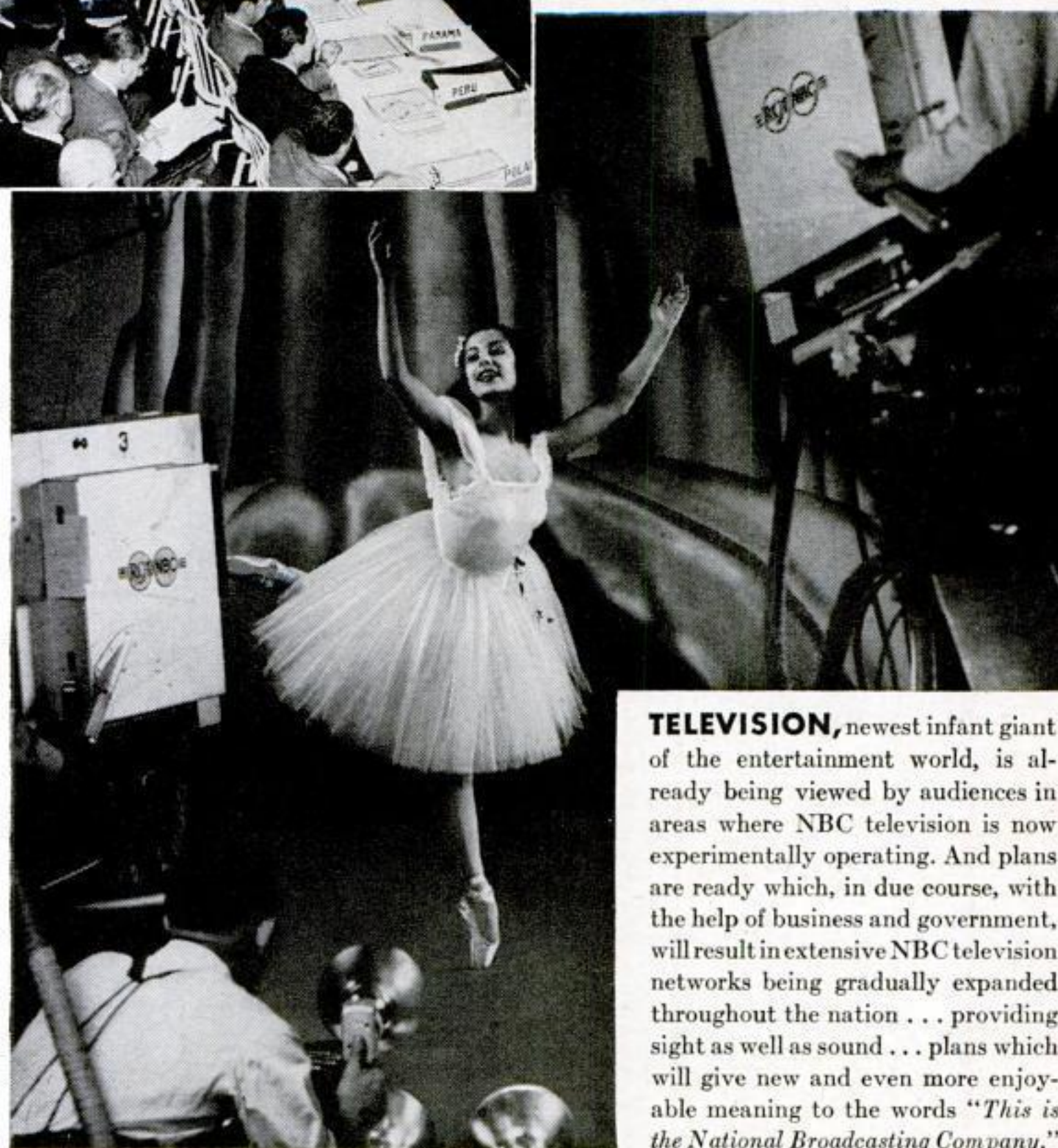


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AT A FEEDING STATION MADE OF A PIECE OF SOD PLACED ON A SHELF ABOVE THE GROUND, A WHITE-THROATED SPARROW (LEFT) AND A JUNCO EAT A WINTER MEAL TOGETHER

Winter Birds

Even in the coldest winters many birds stay north and get along very well. Food supply, not cold weather, is the main reason most birds migrate to the south. As long as they find sufficient food to keep up body temperature, cold weather never bothers birds. Those who stay north are mainly the good foragers, able to find food in the worst weather. Some, like most of those shown on pages 56-57, spend the winter near the place where they nested. Others (*see page 58*) wander about until they find food, go on again when it is eaten. On the next four pages Roger T. Peterson has painted for LIFE the birds most often seen in northern states in winter.

In natural state, winter birds eat berries, leftover grain, fruit, weed and grass seeds, whatever insects they can find. They are easily attracted to feeding stations, places where food is put out for them. A small shelf, a cleared space on the ground or a feeder may be used as a station. The kinds of food best suited for winter birds are shown below. Birds that are vegetarians are attracted by grains. Birds which live on an insect diet need suet in winter. A small amount of grit or sand is desirable to aid the bird's digestion. Once a program of feeding birds starts, it should not stop until spring for the birds come to rely on it and will suffer if it is cut off.



Bird Food

Here are useful foods for winter feeding stations. Top row, left to right: suet and seed for nuthatches; short lengths of cooked spaghetti which robins seem to like because it looks like worms; muskmelon seeds, a favorite of cardinals; sunflower seeds for grosbeaks; pressed peanuts for chickadees; apple to attract catbirds;

millet for finches; cracked wheat for blue jays. Bottom row: Peanut butter and suet for titmice; raisins for hermit thrushes; hemp for redpolls; cracked corn for pheasants, birdseed cakes for small birds; suet for woodpeckers; milo for juncos; chicken scratch feed for bobwhites. In addition to their favorite food, which they eagerly pick up first, most birds will eat many of the foods shown above.



Ring-necked Pheasant

Bobwhites

Game Birds

Pheasants and bobwhites (quail) are tough birds but winter is a hard time for them. Deep snow covers their food supply, so they have to dig for their grain and weed seed. After they burrow into the snow for warmth at night, sleet storms sometimes imprison them under sheets of ice. These game birds feed

around the edges of last summer's grainfields, always staying close to cover of low-growing brush. But when food is hard to find they have to become less shy, forget their enemies and venture away from cover in the never-ending search for food. Whenever they are seen wandering in the open it is a sign that they are hungry. Pheasants often travel singly in winter but bobwhites keep together in coveys.

ROGER
TORY
PETERSON

*White-breasted
Nuthatch*

*Red-breasted
Nuthatch*

Chickadee

Tufted Titmice

Tree Sparrow

Downy Woodpecker

The Year-round Residents

A bird shelf is a busy place when winter has closed in and snow has covered the ground. The birds are always flying and fluttering about, scolding and fighting each other. The first arrival at the feeding shelf is usually the curious chickadee, which always seems to find food before any other bird. It is soon followed by the nuthatch—the bird which climbs down trees headfirst—and the easily tamed tufted titmouse. After these birds flock the cardinals, sparrows, juncos, finches and woodpeckers. Finally the colorful blue jay comes and makes trouble. A belligerent bird, it sits nearby and looks things over. Then it flies to the feeder and chases the other birds away. They wait close by while

Cardinals



Purple Finch

Cardinal

Goldfinch

White-throated Sparrow

Junco

Gather at the Feeding Shelf

it eats alone. When it leaves they quickly scramble back to the seed and suet.

Most of the birds shown in the Peterson paintings on these two pages are considered permanent, year-round residents and are the ones most often found at winter feeding stations. Cardinals and woodpeckers usually spend their winters close to where they nested. Others like the chickadee and nuthatch make short migrations. If they like their wintering spot they may stay, build nests and raise their families. Some blue jays, juncos and purple finches go south but many of them stay north. The English sparrows and starlings, both immigrants from England, are always around and always hungry, noisy nuisances.

Blue Jay

English Sparrows

Starling



ROGER
TORY
PETERSON

Redpoll

Pine Grosbeaks

Evening Grosbeak

Red Crossbill

White-winged Crossbills

Bohemian Waxwings

Erratic Wanderers

These birds have no regular migration habits which is why they are called erratic wanderers. Redpolls usually come down from the subarctic to winter in northern U. S. But some winters they fly till they land in Alabama. Pine grosbeaks, which nest high in the mountains, usually go a few hundred feet down the mountainside in winter. But some years they desert the mountains and fly great distances to lowlands. Greatest

wanderers of all are Bohemian waxwings, which summer in or around Alaska and wander some years as far east as the Atlantic seaboard. Ornithologists disagree over reasons for these eccentric wanderings. Many think food supply is the cause. Most of these birds eat pinecone seeds and move wherever the cone crop is good. All these birds are unsuspicious of man and are readily tamed. The crossbills travel through trees, clinging to the ends of the branches like parrots. The evening grosbeaks bathe even in midwinter whenever they can find open water.



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IN APPEARANCE GREGORY PECK HAS BEEN COMPARED
TO CARY GRANT, GARY COOPER, ABRAHAM LINCOLN

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

The Keys of the Kingdom

Gregory Peck stars as a shy, gently iconoclastic priest in the screen version of A. J. Cronin's novel

Hollywood's recurrent interest in the church is reiterated in 20th Century-Fox's adaptation of Novelist A. J. Cronin's 1941 best seller, *The Keys of the Kingdom*. The story concerns a Scottish priest whose dominant traits—a gentle iconoclasm coupled with true Christian humility—destine him to pass most of his life in a remote Roman Catholic mission in China. From Cronin's reverent and exciting novel, Scriptwriters Joseph Mankiewicz and Nunnally Johnson have fashioned a good picture which manages to preserve as much of the original's mood and as many of its values as any movie ever does.

To the part of Father Francis Chisholm, conceived by Cronin as a most unornamental, rumply little man, Hollywood assigned tall, highly ornamental Gregory Peck who stroked the University of California's crew

at Poughkeepsie in 1938. Though it is difficult to imagine anyone so imposingly handsome achieving failure in any field, Mr. Peck recreates Father Chisholm's saga of discouragement and faith with fine sincerity and restraint.

From the standpoint of the box office Gregory Peck's presence in the cast is doubtless an enormous asset. Hoisted suddenly into stardom after a brief career with repertory theaters, road companies and Broadway flops, 28-year-old Mr. Peck is currently regarded as one of Hollywood's most valuable properties. He has contracts with four major studios. Although *The Keys of the Kingdom* is his first big picture, his fan mail has averaged around 3,000 letters a week. As his lean, disturbingly intent image becomes more familiar on the screen, the sighs of the nation's sus-

ceptible feminine fans are expected to grow gustier.

A native of La Jolla, Calif. where his father runs a drugstore, Gregory Peck studied medicine for a while but dropped it when he became stage-struck. At U. of C. he suffered a spinal injury from athletics—a factor to which he owes his draft deferment, and, in the absence of other actors off at war, much of his present success. During lean post-graduate years he worked as a barker at the World's Fair and as a guide in Rockefeller Center, from whose towers he would authoritatively misidentify Brooklyn as Jersey City. In 1942 he married Katharine Cornell's hairdresser. He and his wife Greta and their 6-month-old son now live in a big house in Beverly Hills. Peck's only eccentricity is his breakfast which is meager, unvarying and goes down in one gulp—a raw egg in sherry.



Father Francis Chisholm is a shy young priest in Scotland who believes himself a failure in the church. His old friend, Bishop McNabb, urges him to accept a mission in remote China.



In China Father Chisholm is treated with contempt until one day when he saves the life of a mandarin's son. In gratitude the mandarin rewards Chisholm by building him a fine mission.



His efforts are recognized with the arrival of three nuns sent to assist in mission. Haughty, aristocratic Mother Maria-Veronica (Rosa Stradner, second left) at first scorns the simple priest.



When the city is besieged by troops of a predatory war lord, Father Chisholm cares for the wounded. He is aided by Dr. Willie Tulloch, an atheist who happens to be his lifelong friend.

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"The Keys of the Kingdom" (continued)



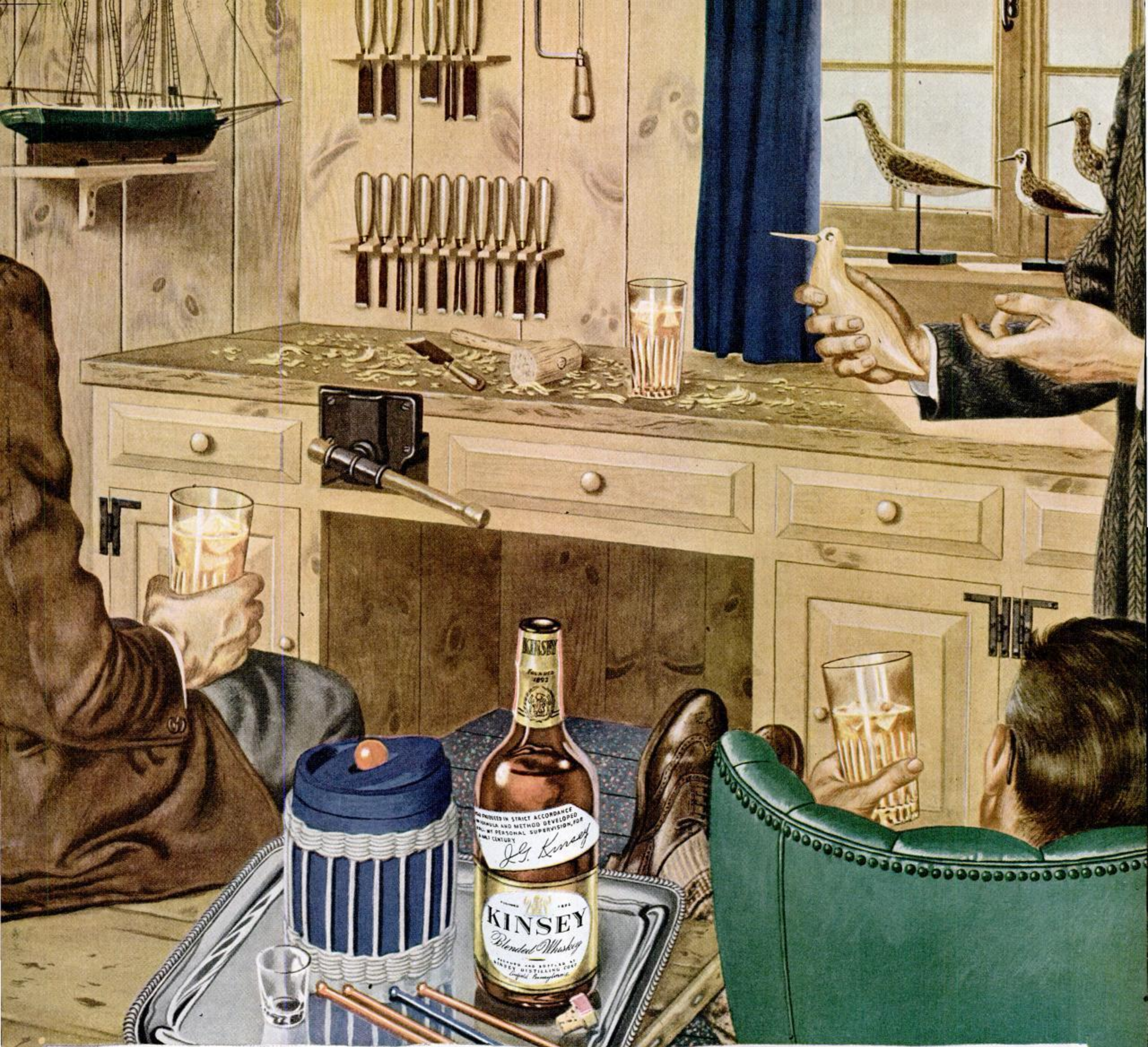
A vain and worldly bishop visits the mission. By callously humiliating his subordinate he opens Mother Maria-Veronica's eyes at last to Chisholm's Christian virtues.



In ruined mission church, wrecked by bandits, Mother Maria-Veronica apologizes for her arrogance. Years of happy work follow before Father Chisholm leaves China.



Back in Scotland, Chisholm is told he must retire. But when the bishop's emissary learns of Chisholm's unsung work in China, he grants plea to continue in service.



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BOSTON'S WINTER SKY IS GRAY AND SMOKY AND WIND ON STREETS IS COLD. PHOTO SHOWS SNOW-COVERED PUBLIC GARDEN

BOSTON

AN OLD CITY LOOKS AHEAD

The Public Garden in Boston (*above*) is a flat little park with a curving pond where children skate in winter and go for rides in swan boats in summer. Once it was just a marshy spot on Back Bay where the British redcoats climbed into their boats to start their expedition to Lexington and Concord in April 1775. But for a long time now the Public Garden has been a Boston institution, with iron fences protecting its flower beds and signs posted on its trees telling what their Latin names are. Even when the snow is on the ground and a murky haze of smoke is rising from the factory districts in the distance, true Bostonians think it is a very pretty place.

Boston is full of other fascinating institutions such as Faneuil Hall, baked beans with molasses and the stuffed codfish hanging in the State House on Beacon Hill. Recently thoughtful Bostonians have been giving some of their old institutions a very searching look. For municipal experts have reported that Boston is a sick city. They say its crazy-quilt system of local governments, its narrow, twisting downtown streets

(many dating back to the cow paths of Ben Franklin's time), even its famous Common (which splits its business section into two bitterly competing parts) are dragging the city down to "obsolescence and decay." Boston, they warn, has a tendency to worship the old. It looks backward instead of ahead.

One night last month some of Boston's most forward-thinking citizens attended a Faneuil Hall meeting to try to prove the municipal experts are wrong. They applauded when a group of Harvard professors were awarded \$5,000 for a bold, first-prize plan to tear out whole sections of the old city, rebuild the business district, construct arterial highways and coordinate local governments in the metropolitan area. Other prizes totaling \$3,000 more were awarded to other groups by Boston University which, for the past year, has sponsored a city-wide planning contest. They heard William Roger Greeley, contest chairman and a foremost Boston architect, say that since Boston presumably will not have the "advantage" of being destroyed in the war like London, it is up to Boston's

citizens "to destroy our own diseased tissues and by heroic will-power rebuild our community as a worthy competitor of the newer type of city." In the future history of Boston this Boston contest meeting may be considered as important as the Tea Party of 1773 or the founding of the Anti-Slavery Society in 1832.

But even if all of Boston's brave new plans come true, it is a pretty good bet that Boston will still be Boston for many years to come. As Novelist John P. Marquand once wrote in *LIFE* (Mar. 24, 1941), almost everyone knows a great deal about Boston and that knowledge gives Boston a unique stability even in times of change. Americans think of Boston as the home of Paul Revere and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (who really lived across the Charles River in Cambridge) and the Parker House and Christian Science and good fish chowder and the United Shoe Machinery Corporation and biggest per capita Catholic population of any U.S. city (74.3%). All this makes a special mixture which is Boston and which *LIFE* has illustrated in photographs on the following pages.



PAUL REVERE in bronze still starts off on his famous ride from Salem Street in Boston, with the Old North Church behind him. This was not called Old North Church when Revere saw two lanterns hanging from the steeple on the night of April 18, 1775. It was

called Christ Church then, and there was another Old North Church which was destroyed during the Revolution. Boston also has an Old South Church and a New Old South Church, and an old New North Church which is now the Roman Catholic Church of St. Stephen's.



HARVARD UNIVERSITY stands across the dammed Charles River from Boston, in Cambridge, which is also a great soap-making center. Unlike newer U.S. cities, which started with lots of elbow room, Boston is cramped by its populous industrial suburbs which cling to their own independence.



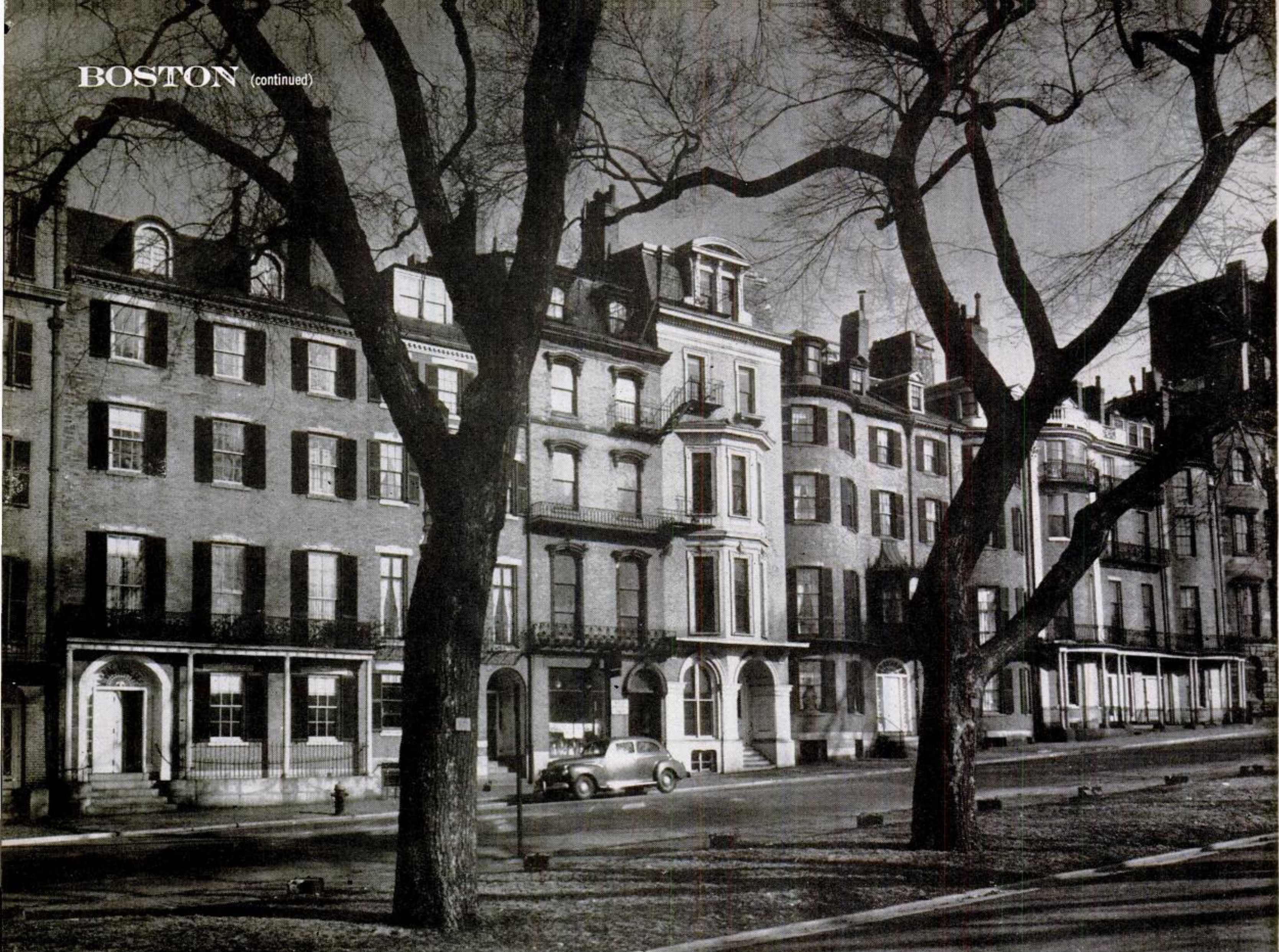
OLD GRANARY burial ground in central Boston contains bones of many notables, including Justice Samuel Sewall who once dreamed Jesus Christ came to live in Boston and wrote in his diary that he "admired the . . . wisdom of Christ in coming hither. . . ."



BUNKER HILL monument celebrates the first real battle of the Revolution in 1775, when Americans waited to "see the whites of their eyes." Actually the battle was fought on near-by Breed's Hill. Boston did more than any city to start the Revolution but after Bunker Hill it saw little fighting.



THE STATE HOUSE, its dome gilded with real gold leaf, makes a handsome picture from the center of Boston Common. When a new governor of Massachusetts is installed there the old one traditionally puts on a tall silk hat and walks down the steps alone.



THE HOUSE FRONTS OF BEACON STREET REFLECT THE THIN WINTER SUNSHINE IN SOFT TONES OF YELLOW, WHITE AND RED BRICK

BEACON HILL IS STRONGHOLD OF OLD-TIME BOSTON

The Boston of John Hancock and Daniel Webster and William Dean Howells and John P. Marquand can all be seen on Beacon Hill, a broad and dignified rise of ground which begins at the Common and ends a few blocks north at the Charles River. On the south side of the hill is Beacon Street (*above*), which is perhaps the most beautiful mid-city residential street in the U. S. Going up the Hill and down the other side are big and little streets with names like Bowdoin and Hancock and Pinckney. Near the top is its inner citadel, Louisburg Square, a double row of gracious Georgian houses surrounding a small park with statues of Christopher Columbus and Aristides the Just, a famous Athenian. Nobody knows just why the statues are there, but they help make the Hill look impressive.

The descendants of Yankee aristocrats who live on Beacon Hill are sometimes called Brahmins—but not among themselves. The rest of the U. S. has always had the idea they are snobs. This is not really true. They are friendly to outsiders but more friendly to each other. They intermarry a great deal but by shrewd crossbreeding they have remained among the strongest racial strains in America. They still run Boston by controlling its inherited wealth, which was built up by thrifty merchants and bankers in the 18th and 19th Centuries and is now carefully protected by state laws which make it almost impossible for family spendthrifts to waste it. And they bear in mind the words of the Puritan governor of the 17th Century who wrote of Boston and Massachusetts: "God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain over into this wilderness." They make it their business to see that the choice grain still produces good seed.



THE ATHENAEUM on Beacon Hill began as a select gentlemen's library in 1807 but admits women, too. It serves afternoon tea to its members and owns most of the private library of George Washington.



THE ALLAN FORBES relax in the parlor of their home at 70 Beacon St. Mr. Forbes is president of the Boston and Albany R. R., the State Street Trust Company and director of

Waltham Watch and Boston Federal Reserve Bank. He recently took a broom and swept his own pavement to dramatize the fact that the city government fails to keep the streets clean.



IRISH KIDS in South Boston are aggressive and venturesome. The world they live in is a tough place, very far removed from polite Beacon Hill. For generations the immigrant Irish

were herded into Boston slums and held down by the dominant Yankees. But now they outnumber all other groups and are pretty much on top as far as city politics are concerned.

JEWS in Boston have been the victims of anti-Semitic incidents during the war, but the situation is better now than a year ago. Most anti-Jewish acts are committed by boys. The

rabbi of Adath Israel congregation (*below*) brings non-Jewish boys into his synagogue and explains the Jewish religious service to them so that they will not believe propaganda stories.



"LACE-CURTAIN IRISH," who have risen high enough to have lace curtains in their windows, live in these three-story flats in South Boston. Now there are also service stars

BLEAK LITTLE ALLEYS lined with frame houses crowd into each other in South Boston where children play in street or not at all. Like other old cities Boston has many blocks of





in the same windows. Among early Irish arrivals in Boston were woodcutters who shipped from Ireland to Newfoundland on timber boats and earned enough to push on to U. S.

ancient slums which pay their distant owners a good return in rents, especially in wartime. Prize-winning plans in the Boston Contest call for the extensive rebuilding of these areas.



DUFFY SQUARE in downtown Boston is a cobblestoned, cut-price shopping center where Italian, Jewish and Spanish families bargain over pushcarts for clothing and food, paying

little attention to the civic-minded signs on the lampposts. Old Boston is a dirty city. Parts of it are overrun with rats and the windows of City Hall have gone unwashed for years.

"KNOCKO" McCORMACK, a South Boston saloon-keeper, politician and brother of John W. McCormack, Democratic leader of the House of Representatives, rides in a St.

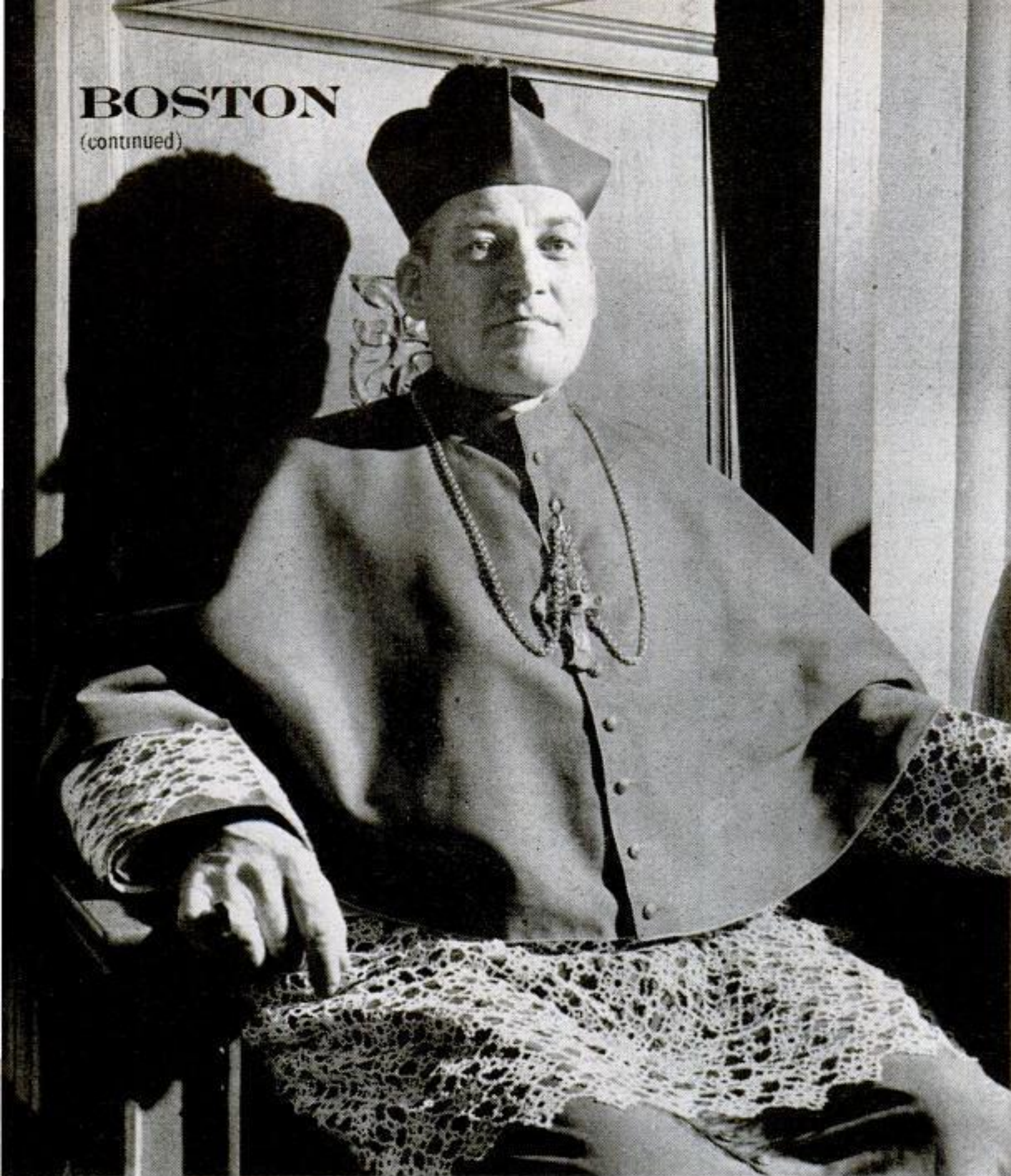
Patrick's Day parade. March 17 is an important holiday in Boston. The Irish celebrate their patron saint's day and the Yankees celebrate evacuation of Boston by British in 1776.



CONTINUED ON
NEXT PAGE 71

BOSTON

(continued)



ARCHBISHOP Richard J. Cushing last year succeeded the late great William Cardinal O'Connell as leader of Boston's Catholics. The new archbishop is firm and friendly.



GOVERNOR Maurice Tobin was mayor of Boston until he took new oath Jan. 4. He announced at once he was considering a convention to draft official plan of action on reorganizing Boston area.

YANKEES AND IRISH SHARE ITS POLITICS

Boston politics is a strange, sometimes dirty, often secretly friendly tug of war between the descendants of old Yankee stock, who have the most money and power, and the Irish, who have the most voters. The Yankees are mostly Republicans and the Irish are mostly Democrats. The Irish usually run Boston's City Hall and the Yankees usually run the State House. This is important because Boston's police commissioner is appointed not by the mayor of Boston but by the gover-

nor of Massachusetts. Sometimes the general rule does not hold true and an Irish Democrat, like Maurice Tobin (*above*), climbs into the governor's chair.

The Puritan stock is still producing topnotch leaders in Boston. Besides Senator Saltonstall (*opposite page*), the new lieutenant governor is Robert Bradford, a direct descendant of famed Governor William Bradford, and two Boston congressmen are Yankee blue-bloods: Christian Herter and Richard B. Wigglesworth.

CONGRESSMAN James M. Curley is a former mayor of Boston who plans to run for the job again. After his last term a court forced him to pay the city back \$30,000.



TRUSTEE Charles Francis Adams' profession is highly esteemed in Boston—taking care of other people's money. He is descended from two U.S. Presidents, served as Navy Secretary under Hoover.





SENATOR Leverett Saltonstall is Boston's most promising political gift to the nation. He has just finished six years as governor of Massachusetts during which he cleaned up the state

government and made a record for economy and efficiency. He is a descendant of early settler Sir Richard Saltonstall and first governor John Endicott, whose portrait hangs behind him.



PATROL STARTED ACROSS NEDER RIJN IN THE WET GLOOM OF A DUTCH EVENING. HALF THE MEN CROSSED FIRST. REST STAYED BEHIND TO COVER THEM, MOVING WITH ANIMAL

THE INCREDIBLE PATROL

SIX AMERICANS TAKE A WALK BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES IN HOLLAND,
SPEND 24 HOURS, FIRE TWO SHOTS AND GET BACK WITH 32 PRISONERS

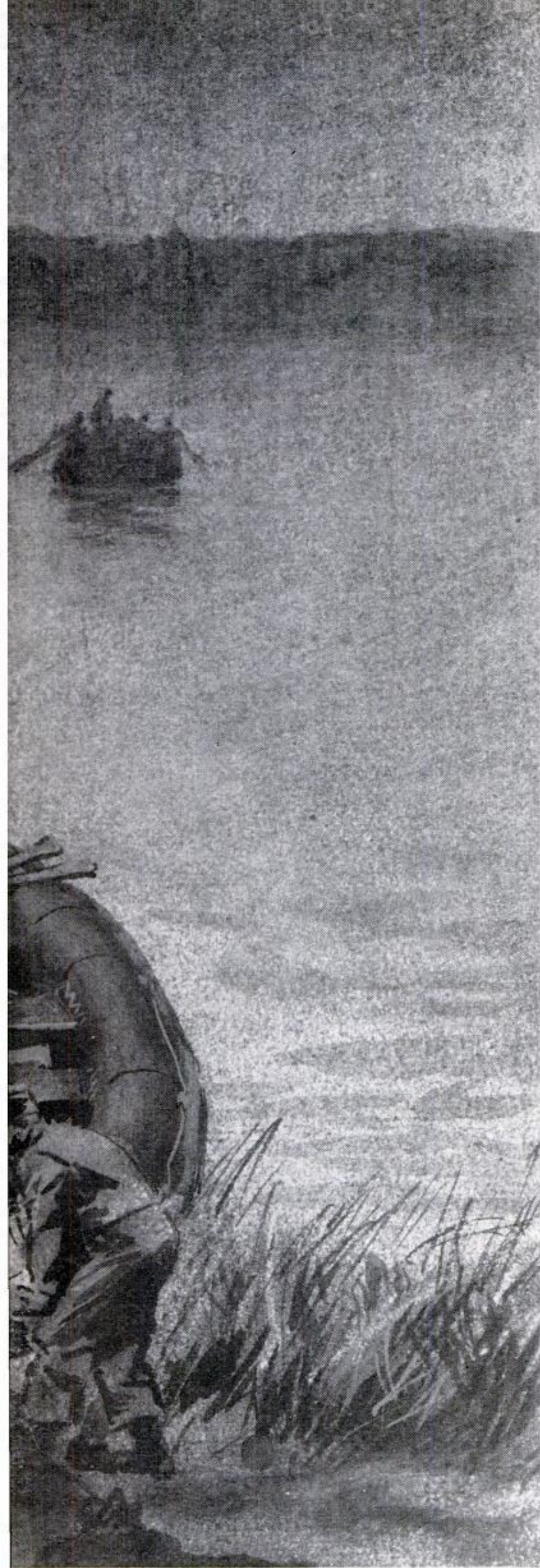
by CPL. RUSS ENGEL

Last month the 101st U.S. Airborne Division fought a brilliant battle to hold the town of Bastogne against the Germans. Before that the 101st had been in Holland where it had been sent during the Arnhem-

Nijmegen operation in September. While there six of its men took part in a solitary but bloodcurdling little adventure which is described in this article by a former newspaperman now with the 101st.

This is the story of a single patrol sent out recently by the 101st Airborne Division. At the time, the 101st was stationed with the British at the Neder Rijn (Lower Rhine), which is the front line of the Allied wedge into southeastern Holland. Five enlisted men and one officer volunteered for the patrol, which they knew would be thoroughly dangerous. As it turned out, it was fully as dangerous as they expected even though only two shots were fired during 24 hours in enemy territory. The day after the six came back I met them at a camp in the rear where they had come for a rest and a bath. They wanted to tell their story and I wanted to write it, so this is how we worked. One of them would talk for a while and when one of the others had something to add he would break in. This way we would be able to pass the story around among the men and get a complete picture of what happened.

M/Sgt. Peter R. Frank, a German-speaking in-



CAUTIOUSNESS TO AVOID ROUSING GERMAN OUTPOSTS

terpreter who is from New York City, began the story. It appeared that a number of patrols from other regiments of the 101st had crossed the Neder Rijn to get information about enemy movements. None of them had been able to take any prisoners for questioning, so Sergeant Frank's regiment wanted to try. By careful planning, they thought, they would be able to do the job right.

At first Lieut. Hugo S. Sims Jr., the only officer on the patrol, had felt he wouldn't be able to get permission to go along. However, Sims had a lot of ideas about how the patrol should be run, so he was able to talk his commanding officer into letting him go. Sims and the other men worked for two days rehearsing their parts in the patrol. They discussed what to take along and what to leave behind, what weapons they should use, whether or not they should blacken their faces. They talked over things like fixing their hats to look like German caps so their silhouettes would look

German in the dark, and what kind of radio equipment they should carry. They studied maps and huge aerial photographs of the places they expected to go. They worked hard and all the men did a lot of talking. Everyone had strong opinions about how to stay alive.

The patrol also meant a lot of work for other men. There were listeners who would wait at the radio for the patrol's reports, artillerymen who would drop shells in case they were needed, men who would shoot off flares from time to time so the patrol could look around in the dark. There were men who would have rubber assault boats ready to paddle across the Rijn and who, if everything went all right, would bring the patrol back across the river.

Before they started out, the men reviewed the objectives of their mission. They were to set up an observation post on the Utrecht-Arnhem highway to watch the movements of enemy vehicles and troops. They would try to find out if the enemy had a main line of resistance and where it was. They planned to radio back the information as they went along. But their most important mission was to bring back a real, live German for questioning by intelligence officers.

Here Pfc. Frederick J. Becker of Atlantic, Iowa took over the story. "All of us were a little nervous in the last few hours before the patrol. We all had blacked our faces and we began to look as if we were really going on this deal instead of planning it. I was stuck with one of the musette bags with half the radio in it. One of the other boys was to carry the other half and I was a little griped because I was stuck with the heaviest part. But the other boys had their jobs, too. They had demolition blocks for blowing the railroad we planned to cross on the return trip.

The patrol was armed to the teeth

"Instead of the steel helmets we had been wearing for the last month or two we wore our soft overseas hats. Each of us had our pockets full of extra ammunition plus grenades and honed knives. We were really going prepared. In addition to our regular weapons we all carried .45 pistols. Wilbur was the only one of us taking an M-1 rifle, the rest of us chose the Tommy gun for more firepower. We tried to talk him out of the M-1 but we knew it would be nice to have him along with it. Wilbur has the reputation of being pretty accurate with that gun and is famous for never shooting at a man unless he can aim dead center for the head. He doesn't miss.

"After a dress rehearsal in front of headquarters, where Lieutenant Sims checked over our equipment, we decided we were set. Now it was only a matter of waiting for darkness. We sat around for a while and then went in for some hot chow. The cooks seemed to know what was up and the boys in the mess line gave us a few pats on the back. Lots of our buddies came up and wished us well and said they were sorry they couldn't go along. They really were, too. We all tried to act as if it meant nothing at all. After we washed our mess kits one of the cooks came up and gave each of us three K-ration chocolate bars and said when we came back he'd have a swell hot meal waiting. It was getting dark now and we all sat around the S-2 office getting fidgety."

Here Pvt. Roland J. Wilbur, the M-1 rifle expert, took over. He comes from Lansing, Mich., where he used to work for Nash-Kelvinator. Now he almost looked like a soldier in one of their magazine ads, sitting there with a grim look on his face, cleaning the M-1 as he spoke.

"The S-2 office wasn't too far from the dike on the Neder Rijn. We took off about 7:39. We rechecked all our stuff and piled into two jeeps. In a few minutes we were up near the area where we

planned to cross. We stopped and got out of the jeeps and began to wonder if the clothes we had on were enough to keep us warm. It was overcast and cold and it had begun to rain. We were wet before we had really gotten started. A couple of hundred yards away we ran into the group who had the boats ready to take us across.

"We were awfully careful about reaching the dike because a lot depended on these first few minutes. We knew that a couple of other patrols had been knocked off before they had gotten to the water. Our main hope was that the Jerries weren't on the alert because we were going over a little earlier than the other patrols. We started to go down toward the bank when a whisper from Lieutenant Sims halted us in our tracks. He thought he had heard a sound from the other side. After a couple of minutes of shaky waiting we decided to take a chance. Edging down the bank, we came to the two rubber assault boats. Lieutenant Sims and two of the boys carefully slid into one and the rest of us crouched low at the bank and waited with our guns ready in case Jerry should open fire as they crossed. It seemed to take them hours to get across and we could hear every dip of their paddles in the water. We were certain they would be heard and the whole deal would be off, but they weren't. They made the opposite side and crouched low to wait for us.

"Finally we landed. Arrangements were made with the men with the boats so we could signal them by flashlight when we came back. They wondered if we had any idea when it would be and we told them that we hoped it wouldn't be until the next night. We hunched down and told the boatmen to be quiet going back. We could just barely see them as they hit the opposite shore."

Pfc. Robert O. Nicolai, a former member of the Merchant Marine who comes from Midlothian, Ill., now broke into the story. He was given the Bronze Star for his part in the Normandy campaign and is the cocky member of the group.

"All of us started up the bank to the top of the dike, Lieutenant Sims in the lead. Nothing ahead looked like a Kraut, but there was something that we hadn't expected. A little way ahead there was a big pond directly across the route we had planned to take. We decided that it would be better to go around and change our route a little.

"We skirted the edge of the water but found we still had to do some wading in the dark. By the time we passed the pond our feet were slogging wet. Lieutenant Sims seemed to have on a pair of boots about ten sizes too large and they squished with every step he took. Someone said, 'Dammit, pick up your feet.'

"Suddenly the first of our mortar flares lit up the sky and we were all flat on the ground. We cautiously looked around the countryside but there wasn't a Jerry in sight. It was now 8 p. m. and the flares were working just as we had planned. As soon as the flare died out we got up again. About 200 yards ahead we saw a light and a few shadows moving. We held a confab and decided that because we didn't want to take prisoners too early we would alter our course again. We by-passed the light and circled around to the right. Then we heard the unmistakable sound of Germans digging in for the night. It was the sound of folding shovels digging into the earth and the clunking noise they made as they were tapped on the ground to loosen the mud. We now turned left again and as we did someone stumbled into the brush in the darkness. Immediately we stood still as statues and waited. Then we heard the zip of a German flare going up. We hit the ground and froze as more of the flares lit up the countryside. To either side of us we could hear Germans moving around. Now and then one of them shouted to ask what the flares were for. They had heard something and

THE INCREDIBLE PATROL (continued)

had whole batches of flares ready to shoot off. Each time a flare burned out we crept forward between the two enemy groups. In a half hour, when our own flare next went up, we had covered less than 300 yards.

"Then we crossed a road and found ourselves within 20 yards of a lighted tent. I was all for going in and taking whoever was there a prisoner. I thought it might be a Jerry officer and a good bag but once again we decided that it was best to skirt the area. We went one way and then the other through the fields. Every time we heard activity we edged in the other direction."

Cpl. William R. Canfield of Selman, Okla. now interrupted the story. "I was a little to one side of the group and suddenly I heard someone blowing his nose. I moved over to the left and saw a group of Jerries stopped for a minute on the road. I asked Lieutenant Sims if I might capture them and take them along but he said not now. I was sure feeling cocky.

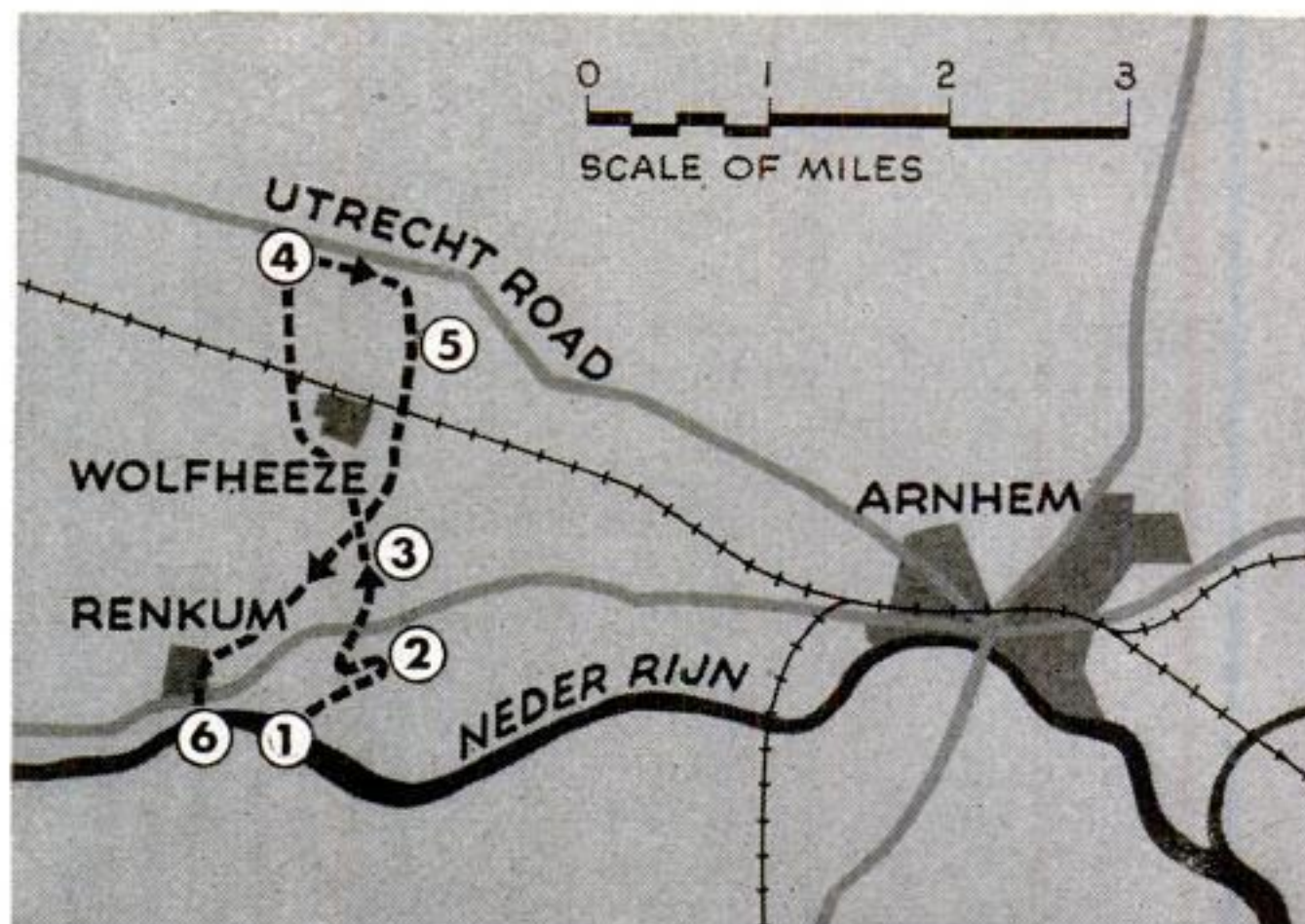
"A little later I heard Becker make a noise and as I glanced at him he began to pull himself out of a slit trench he had slipped into. I walked over to him and saw a big, fat Jerry snoring away in the hole. For a moment we thought he might waken and looked down ready to pounce on him if he made a noise. When he remained asleep we went on and joined the rest up ahead. Now we were in a wooded area and we had to be careful of every step. At a clearing in the woods we came to a small road and not ten yards away we saw a couple of Jerries walking down the road with something on their shoulders. Nicolai sneaked along the road and looked more closely. He came back and reported that they were carrying a mattress. A little farther down the road we saw them walk into a house with their mattress. We waited but they didn't come out so we figured they must have turned in for the night.

"Farther on we crossed the road and stumbled right into an ammunition dump. Sergeant Frank, the interpreter, went over to check the writing on the boxes. He found they were shells for a heavy 150-mm. infantry gun which Lieutenant Sims marked down in a little book he was carrying. He also marked the position of the ammo dump and the location of the mattress house. Just as we were starting to make a more thorough inspection around the ammo dump we heard the unmistakable sound of a German Schmeisser gun belt being snapped back. In a second there came another. We stood rooted to the spot, afraid to breathe. The things seemed to come from just across the road. There wasn't much else for us to do but to go sneaking back through the area of the sleeping men."

Sergeant Frank now pointed out that he hadn't been too scared when the belts snapped back. He had a story all ready for the situation. Every time they came to a new emergency he would review in his mind a story that might work the patrol out of it. This time he was ready to raise hell with the Jerries for making so much noise with their machine-gun belts. Frank continued: "Now we cut straight across the fields for about two miles. Nicolai was getting hungry and he simply reached down and grabbed a handful of carrots from a vegetable patch and began to eat them. Soon we had enough of the fields and decided that we were deep enough in the enemy territory to brazen it out on the road. When we came to a good paved road we walked right down the middle of it. Just ahead we heard the

clank and rumble of a Jerry horse-drawn vehicle. We crawled into the ditch along the road and waited for it to pass. In a couple of minutes we were on the road again.

"Farther on we checked our compass course and started off to the right. We hadn't gone more than 20 yards when I saw Becker throw his hands in the air. Right in front of us was a huge German gun emplacement. The gun and pits for the ammunition were there but there didn't seem to be any Jerries. About a hundred yards farther on we came to a strange collection of silhouettes.



Route of the patrol, with the exception of a few zigzags to avoid contact with Germans, crossed two and a half miles of Dutch countryside west of Arnhem. Main locations are 1) first crossing of the Rijn, 2) ammunition dump, 3) motor pool, 4) house where patrol spent the day, 5) woods where truck was abandoned, 6) return crossing.

We couldn't be sure what they were and kept on going until we made them out. It was a Jerry motor pool with all types of vehicles parked for the night. We were all for taking one of the cars but Lieutenant Sims again turned thumbs down. He pulled out his map and noted the exact location. Soon we were on the edge of the town of Wolfheez and decided that it would be best to work around it. As it later turned out, this was a good thing. The place was lousy with SS troops.

The Germans were often close

"We skirted the town pretty closely and could even smell the smoke from stinking German cigarettes. We now crossed the railroad which we knew marked the two-thirds point on our trip. We were some distance behind the enemy lines and had the feeling we would be able to bluff our way out of almost any situation that might arise. The last three miles of rushing through the fields was pretty hard. The tall grass slowed us down but it also sheltered us from observation. Nicolai was in the lead, eating carrots again. When he heard the rush of a car going by he whispered to Sims that this must be the road we had crossed so much country to reach. Within a few hundred yards we came out on the road."

Nicolai broke in again: "We all waited a few minutes at the side of the road while Lieutenant Sims brought out a map and checked our location. We were right behind a house that marked the exact spot where we had planned to hit the road. This was only luck but it made us feel as if everything was going according to plan. Lieutenant Sims, looking over the house and the area, decided we might as well occupy the house for cover. We sneaked up carefully, listening for the slightest sound. Becker and Canfield now went through a window and a minute or so later came back to whisper that all was clear inside.

But after a conference we decided that this was not so good after all. If Jerry were to see any activity around a house which he knew to be empty he would become suspicious. Becker and Canfield climbed back out and we headed down on the road again. In front Sergeant Frank was carrying on a monolog with Becker in German. This was funny because Becker didn't understand a word of it. We all fell into the spirit of it, feeling we could fool any Germans who came along. Soon one of the boys was singing *Lili Marlene* and we all joined in.

"After about a mile of walking along the road without meeting a single German we came to a couple of houses. One of them had a Red Cross marking on the front. It was a small cross and the place hardly looked as if it were a hospital. At any rate it looked like the better of the two houses. As Sergeant Frank and myself edged close we could hear what sounded like snoring inside. We walked to the back door and found it open. In the front room of the house we found two Germans sleeping on piles of straw. They wore big, shiny boots and I was sure they were officers. Sergeant Frank said they were cavalymen. Leaving Frank on guard I went back outside and reported to Lieutenant Sims. He said we would take the men prisoner and stay at this house. I told Frank the plan and he began to shake the Germans. One of them finally began to rub his eyes. He stared at us and Frank kept telling him over and over that

he was a prisoner. They just couldn't believe it."

After the dazed Germans had been thoroughly awakened they were questioned by Sergeant Frank. He got all the information he could from them and relayed it to Lieutenant Sims. Sims was now up in the attic setting up the radio with another man. In about ten minutes the men heard him saying into the radio, "This is Sims, Sims, Sims. We have two prisoners. We have two prisoners." They knew the radio was working and everyone felt swell. Soon Sims was sending information about the things he had noted along the way.

After questioning the prisoners Sergeant Frank told them to go back to sleep but they just sat and stared. Frank asked them if they expected any more soldiers in the area. They said that another man was supposed to pick them up at about 5:30 in the morning.

After the radio had been set up everything was quiet until daybreak. The men took turns watching the road while the others tried to get a little sleep. At about 7 a.m., Nicolai reported the arrival of a young civilian at the front door. The civilian proved to be a boy of about 16 in knee pants. He was both surprised and pleased to be taken captive by the "Tommies." The men took some time to explain to him that they were not Tommies but airborne GIs. When this had been taken care of Sergeant Frank was allowed to go ahead with his questioning. The boy explained that the house belonged to some friends of his and he had just come over for some preserves. He knew the people had been evacuated and said they might not be back for some time.

The boy went on to say that his older brother, who was a member of the local underground, would also be along shortly. Almost immediately the brother was brought in by Nicolai. He was a slick-haired, effeminate young man and the patrol had doubts about him. He spoke a little English and produced papers to prove that he was a member of the Dutch underground.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

"If you could have your choice, Mrs. Jones, which washer would you choose?"



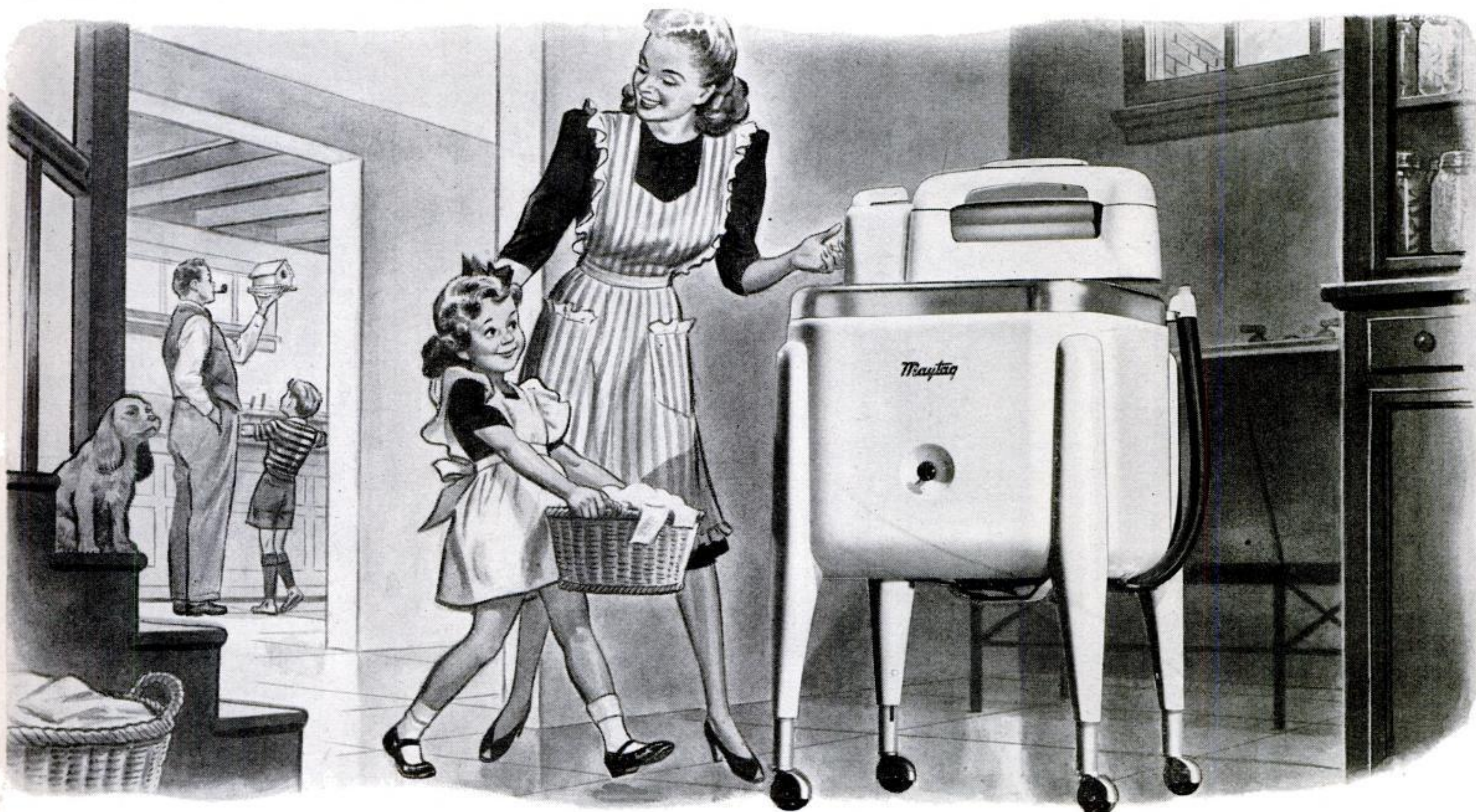
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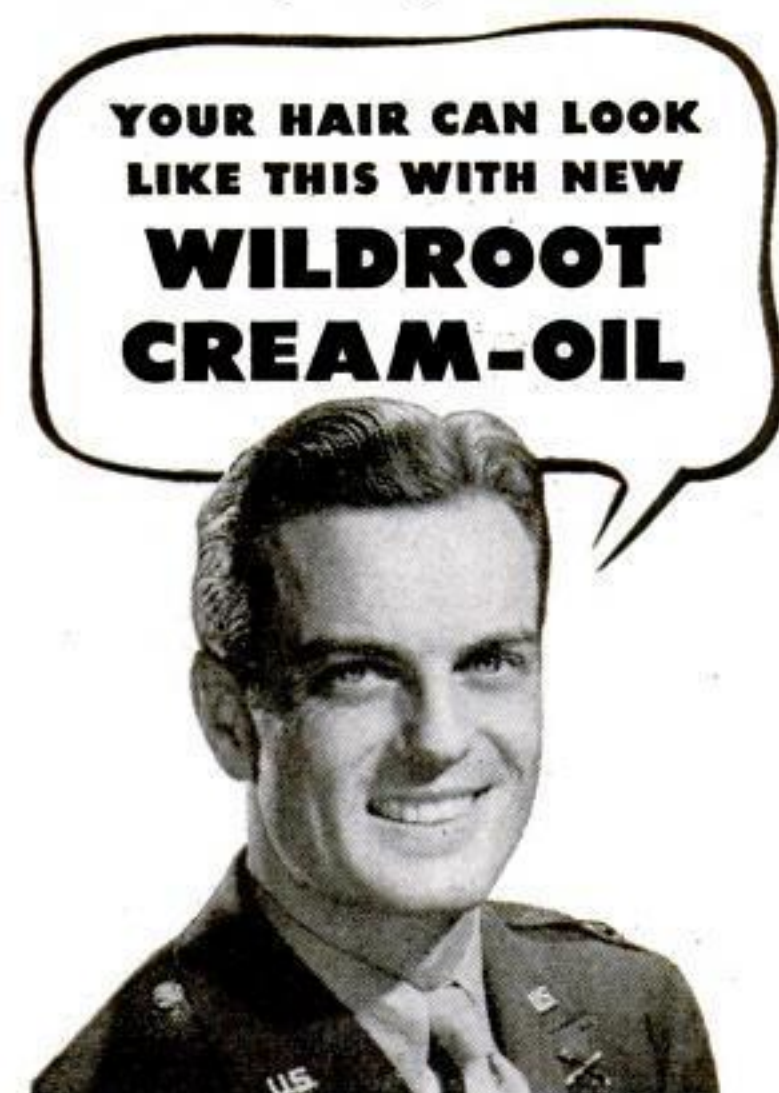
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THE INCREDIBLE PATROL (continued)

civilians while Lieutenant Sims and the others went out to look for a truck. The German mail orderly, who seemed the happiest to be captured, was chosen to help them. He agreed that as soon as Sergeant Frank told him he would help stop the truck by shouting, "Halt Kamerad." As they waited the German said to Frank, "I am happy because the war is over for us." Frank replied that it would all depend on the next few hours and that he would be able to say with more certainty the next day.

Becker reported that when the lieutenant and the others left the house the remaining prisoners looked a little scared. Finally one man came and asked Becker in pantomime if they would be shot. Becker told them that such things aren't done in the American Army. All of the Germans in the house wore the Iron Cross and had seen service against the Russians.

While the men were waiting along the road a whole German company passed on bicycles. As each German rode by he would shout "Guten Abend" to the men along the road and they shouted back the same. One man stopped and asked Sergeant Frank if this were the right road to the next town. Rather than become engaged in conversation, Frank told him he didn't know.

The patrol stops a truck

Getting impatient after an hour and a half, the men decided they would stop the next truck that came along, no matter what kind it was. In the meantime a motorcyclist stopped by the road and went into the courtyard of the house. Nicolai rushed across the road and grabbed him. It developed that he was checking up on the absence of the other men. When Nicolai brought him across the road he saw the mail orderly and rushed up to shake his hand. They were old friends and had served together for years. A few minutes later the men heard a truck coming down the road and told the two Germans to step out and shout "Halt Kamerad!" When the truck came all the men shouted at once and the truck stopped. It turned out to be a big five-tonner carrying 15 SS men. Nicolai jumped on the back and herded the Germans off, taking their weapons as they got down. They were all very surprised. At first the driver refused to leave his seat, but after a number of strong threats, namely shooting, he finally got off. He was a tall man and very cocky. When asked to put his hands up he said, "Who says so?" When he was told that he was a prisoner of war he looked astonished and said that it was impossible. As he spoke he put one hand up and with the other drew a pistol, but only to hide it in his pocket. Sergeant Frank took it away.

The driver was told to get back in the truck and pull it off the road. He seemed reluctant and Frank had to hold a gun against his ear while he started the motor. He seemed unable to keep the motor from stalling every few seconds and when he moved into the courtyard he had trouble turning. It was obvious that he was stalling for time. He kept looking at Frank and saying in German, "Jesus, I'm mad. This can't happen to me." He told Frank he was on his way to meet the captain of his battalion. When he was told he was to drive the truck and the men to the Neder Rijn, he said there wasn't enough gas. He was told that if that were true then he would be shot, so he said that there was enough gas for 20 miles.

Now Becker and the prisoners in the house came out and piled into the truck with the SS men. The Americans spaced themselves around inside the truck so they could keep guard. Lieutenant Sims and Sergeant Frank sat in the front with the driver. When they were on the road the truck stalled again. As the driver tried to start the motor an amphibious jeep pulled up and a tall SS officer began to bawl him out for blocking the road. Canfield was off the truck in an instant and had brought the officer inside. As it turned out, this was the captain the truck driver had been going to meet.

Again the sergeant concentrated on getting the driver to start the truck. He worked hard at stalling the motor and had to be threatened before he would drive at all. Finally he got the truck under way and they set out on the return route they had mapped out before the patrol. Every now and then the driver would get temperamental, folding his arms and saying, "Hab' ich eine Wut!" ("Am I mad!") After a prod or two with the gun muzzle he would go back to safer driving. Farther along the road toward Arnhem he was told to turn off to the right. Shortly the truck came to a muddy place in a woods and bogged down hub-deep. No amount of trying by the SS driver was able to move it. It was now 10 p.m. and the patrol decided they might as well try to make it back on foot.

Now the men regretted having so many prisoners. As they piled down from the truck the SS captain bolted to the side of the road in

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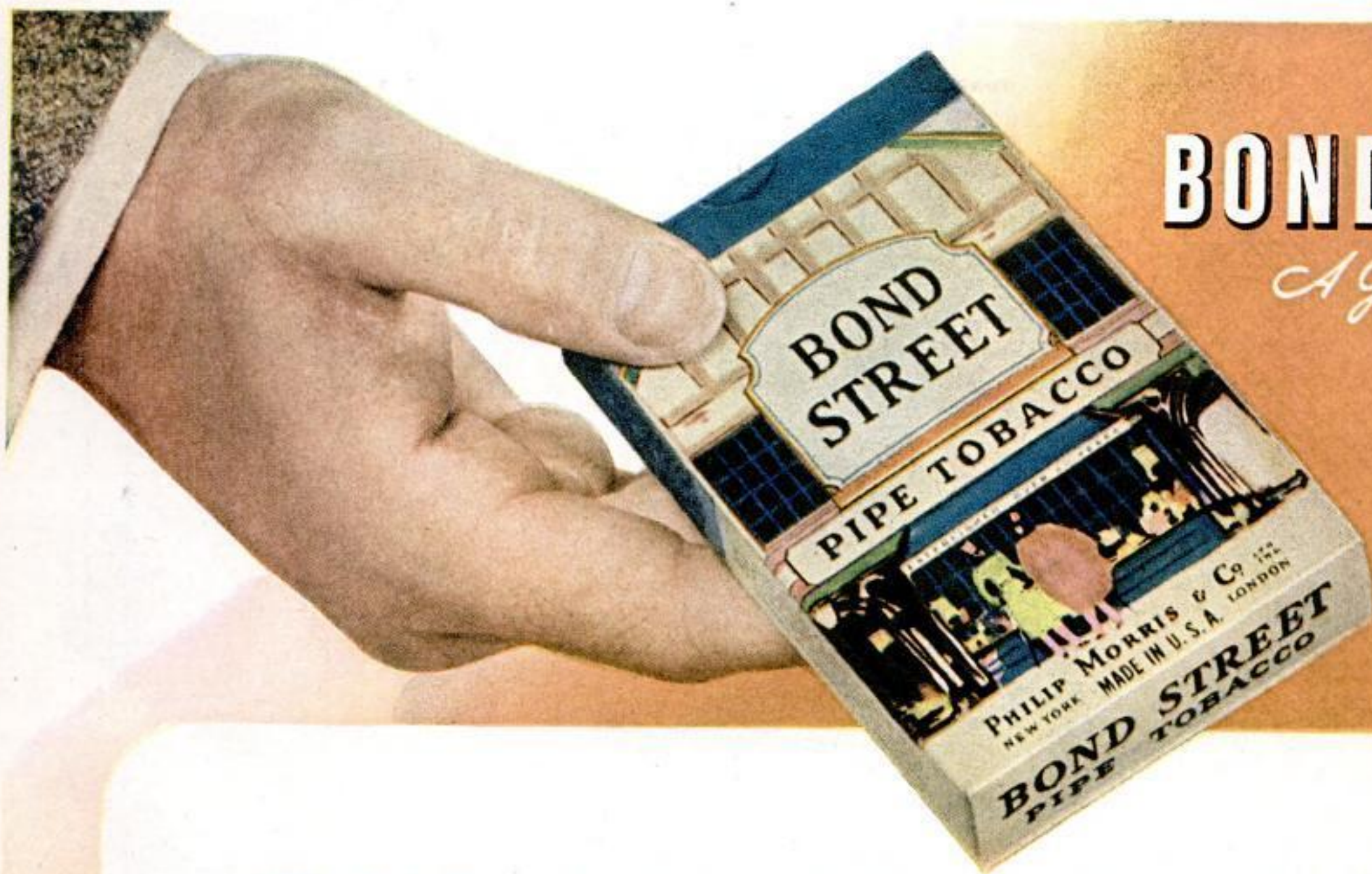
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CONTINUED ON PAGE 81



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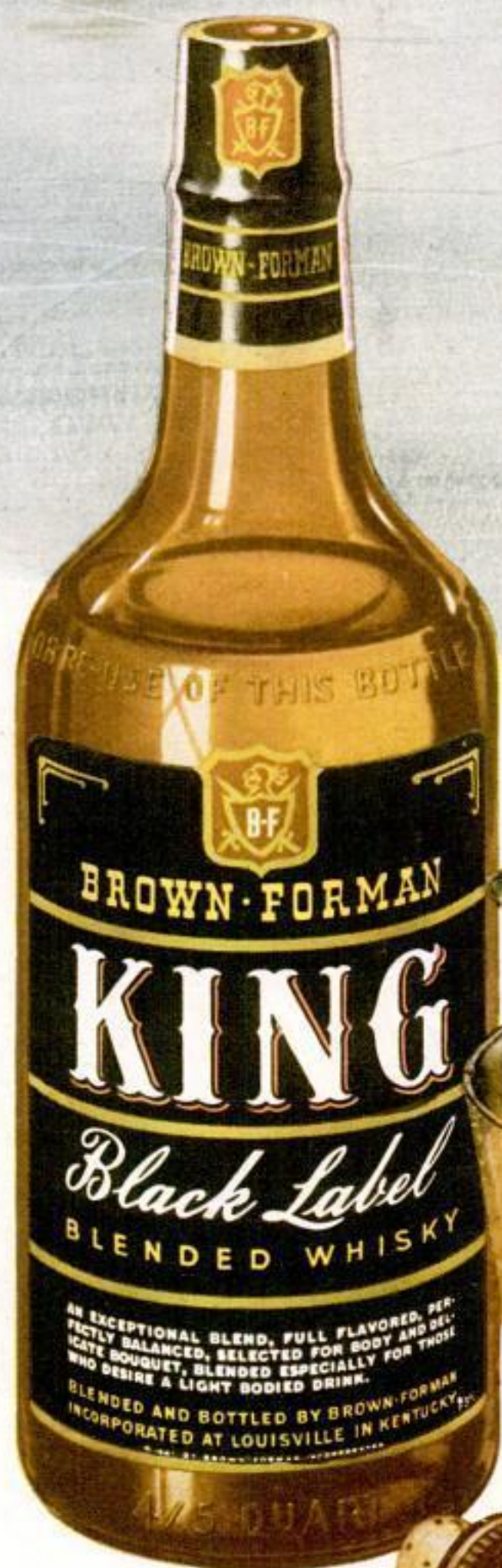


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THE INCREDIBLE PATROL (continued)

the darkness. In a flash he was in the woods. Nicolai shouted for him to stop and ran after him. In a moment the others heard two shots and Nicolai's only two words of German, "Hände hoch, you son of a bitch"! followed by a great crashing in the underbrush. Becker also ran into the woods to see if he might help. Following the noise he found Nicolai and the captain. Nicolai was still shouting "Hände hoch" and with every shout he would kick the captain in the seat of the pants. When they came back to the truck the captain was cowed and willing to go quietly.

Lining the Germans up in two columns, Sergeant Frank now gave them a little lecture. He said they could just as easily be shot as taken back and that all six Americans were risking their lives to get them back safely. He told them that if anyone tried to escape or made an unnecessary noise he would be shot immediately. Starting out again with the SS captain and Sergeant Frank in front, the column made its way along the road toward the river. As they walked the SS captain told Frank that it was useless to try to cross the Rijn with the prisoners. He said the Americans might as well turn over their guns because they would surely be caught by the Germans along the river.

The captain also asked if he might have a cigaret. He was told he couldn't have one now, but that later he would have more and better cigarets than there were in all of Germany. The captain said the Germans had nothing against the Americans and he couldn't see personally why the Germans and Americans didn't get together to fight the Russians and Japanese. We are both white races, he said. Sergeant Frank answered that the Russians were also white. Yes, replied the captain, but they are inferior. Finally the captain asked if it were not possible for them to rest a while, or at least to slow down. He was told that he had the misfortune to be a captive of American paratroopers, who just didn't walk any slower. Now as they walked along they constantly heard German voices.

Arriving at the railroad crossing, the patrol decided finally that they didn't dare blow up the tracks with the two-and-a-half-minute fuse they carried. Reluctantly they crossed the tracks and ditched their demolition charges in bushes by the road. Along this last stretch of the road they passed countless houses with Germans inside.

When they came to the town of Renkum the patrol marched boldly down the center of the main street with a great clicking of German hobnailed shoes. It was obvious from the sound alone that they could be nothing but a group of marching Germans. They went through the town without incident and headed straight for the near-by dike. Everyone was feeling wonderfully lightheaded. Arriving at the dike, they had marched right down to the water when they saw a squad of Germans at a river outpost. As they came close Sergeant Frank called out to them in German that there was nothing to worry about. When they stopped two of the men rushed over and told the Jerries to put up their hands. The column moved on, cleaning out two more posts along the river. The six-man patrol now had a total of 32 prisoners.

On the dike Lieutenant Sims gave the prearranged flashlight signal to the other side. Soon the answer came—three blinks. The SS captain, his truck driver and one of the patrol were the first to get to the other side. Part of the patrol stayed behind to cover the crossing while the rest of the prisoners were ferried over. Finally the last three men touched the Allied side of the Rijn. The incredible patrol was over.



The patrol, back in rest camp, tells its story to the author (back to camera). From the left: Wilbur, Canfield, Nicolai, Frank and Becker. Lieutenant Sims does not appear.

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The Conqueror
(Illustrated actual size)



SALZ BROTHERS, INC. • NEW YORK 1, N. Y.



RUNNING ALONG THE BEACH, ELVIRA HOLDS MATTRESS COVER OPEN LIKE A PARACHUTE

Life Visits Rio's Copacabana Beach

Thousands of Brazilians play on its fine white sand

It is midsummer in Brazil now and the temperature is in the 90s. Accordingly, every Sunday morning in Rio de Janeiro tens of thousands of Cariocas (native residents of Rio), vacationists and foreigners make for Copacabana Beach, which is only 20 minutes by bus from the center of the city. There they plant their pillows and tents on the fine, white sand and dig in for hours. They do very little swimming because the water is too cold ("the only reason you can't skate on it is because it moves around too much") and too dangerous. The undertow is deadly and even lifeguards do not dare to battle it, using lassos to rescue swimmers in trouble. Few people bother to swim. They prefer to sun on the sand, go "footing" (strolling) or bicycling on the promenade which skirts the waterfront, or sit in sidewalk cafes.

Of all the city's beaches Copacabana, three and a half miles long, is the swankiest, most famous and most popular. There LIFE's photographer found Elvira Cozzolino, pretty nightclub singer, playing a new beach game (*below*)—filling a waterproof Navy mattress cover with air, then using it as an oversized water wing to ride the surf.



HAVING FILLED IT WITH AIR, SHE GRABS COVER TIGHTLY AND TIES TOP WITH STRINGS



PUSHING THROUGH SURF, SHE CARRIES COVER OUT TO WHERE WAVES ARE BUILDING UP



AS WAVES BREAK, DOWN SHE FLOPS AND RIDES TO SHORE ON HER GIANT WATER WING



MEETING UP WITH TWO FRIENDS ALONG THE WAY, SHE SKIDS GENTLY ONTO THE SAND



The giant crescent of Copacabana curves along the ocean side of the city. This view is taken from a terrace of the Edificio Egypto, one of Avenida Atlantica's modern apartments. Copacabana boasts the most expensive residential section in Rio. A sidewalk of black and white

mosaic follows the beach all the way. At the center of the picture is a *posto de salvamento*, lifesaving post. On the balcony at the upper right Pepe Baxter, an Argentine girl who works for a Brazilian airline, chats with a friend while others of the party drink gin and tonic below.

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Gives Greater Breathing Comfort In No Time At All!

Any time of the day or night—no matter where you are—this handy Vicks Inhaler is always ready to make your cold-stuffed or dust-clogged nose feel clearer in seconds! It's packed with aromatic medication. Just a few quick whiffs bring grand relief whenever needed. Try it.

VICKS INHALER



RELIEF FOR COUGHING and throat tickle due to colds. Medicated with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub. **VICKS Medicated COUGH DROPS**

IODENT TOOTH PASTE or POWDER

ONLY IODENT IS MADE IN TWO TEXTURES

No. 1 for teeth easy-to-bryten . . . No. 2 for teeth hard-to-bryten. Made by a Dentist to safely remove smudges . . . even smoke smudge. Bears Good Housekeeping Seal.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

WHICH DO YOU CHOOSE?



Beach ball is popular when not played strenuously. One beach pastime which Brazilians take seriously is *peteca*, a game in which a shuttlecock is batted around by hand.

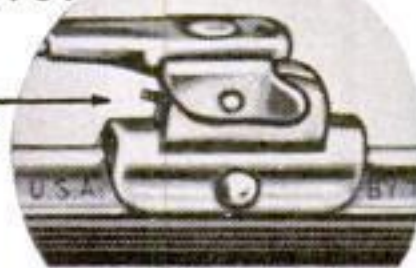


Four U. S. sailors meet Singer Leonor Amar, who is well known to Brazilian radio fans. Favorite sailor hangout is beach club where the only hamburgers in Rio are sold.

ANCO RAIN-MASTER "Dead-Locker" WINDSHIELD WIPER ARMS and BLADES

BLADE SNAPS ON... STAYS PUT

FINGER-TIP RELEASE



CAN'T FALL OFF CAN'T BLOW OFF

(A war-born invention—by ANCO—first for military aircraft—now for your car.)

DON'T SHOOT YOUR GAS-PUMP MAN!

He's doing the best he can. Sure, he knows how dangerous it is for you to drive your car . . . in stormy weather . . . with your dull old windshield wipers that smear and smear. He'd gladly put on for you quickly a pair of keen new ANCO RAIN-MASTER Wiper Blades and Arms. He has them. But he forgets to remind you? Too busy? It's the war! You can't shoot him for that.



PATENTS MAKE JOBS

After all, it's *your* car to protect. So *you* remind him. Get RAIN-MASTERS . . . patented features . . . original equipment on many makes of high grade peace-time cars . . . used on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and bombers too . . . because ANCO RAIN-MASTERS clean quicker, clean cleaner . . . last longer. May save you a costly smashup.

Ask for RAIN-MASTER Windshield Wiper Arms and Blades next time you buy gas.

THE ANDERSON COMPANY
Gary, Indiana

Buy an **EXTRA** war bond

check Skin Torment

For quick relief from itching caused by eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, and other itching troubles, use world-famous, cooling, medicated, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks intense itching speedily. 35c trial bottle proves it, or your money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.

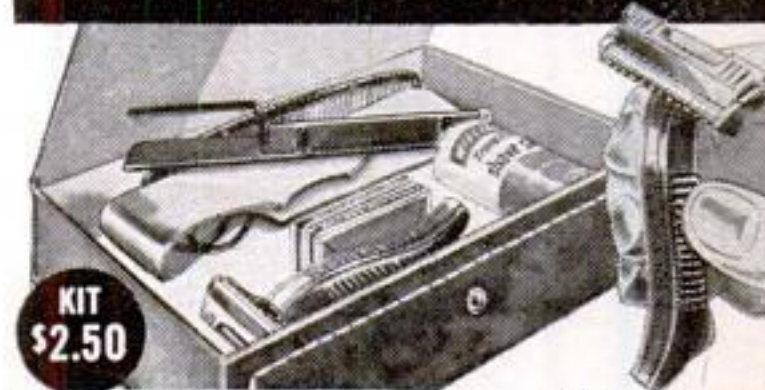
IRON GLUE MENDS FURNITURE

Easy to use. No mixing. Also mends toys, models, wood, china, glass, leather, 'most anything. Sold 'most everywhere—10¢ bottles or larger sizes from ¼-pint up. McCormick & Co., Inc., Baltimore 2, Md.



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GET THIS ENDERS KIT AND GET EASIER SHAVES



Here's streamlined shaving . . . smooth, fast, simpler than you ever dreamed shaving could be. Cushioned blade action, new type one-piece razor head, scientific balance—these assure you effortless, feather-touch shaves. Blade clicks into razor instantly like magic. Nothing to take apart. Quick, easy shaves from start to finish! Kit includes razor, 10 blades, soap, comb and STROP for "new-blade" smoothness every shave. Switch to easier shaving.

Mail \$2.50 direct, if not available at dealers. Money back guarantee. Strop alone \$1.00. **DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. A, MYSTIC, CONN.**

Mr. THOS. E. WILSON wrote the words of "Our Ideal" many years ago as a Code of Service for his organization . . . Wilson & Co. is now one of the world's foremost meat packing concerns, largely because of the faithfulness with which these high principles have been followed.

1945

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OUR IDEAL

"To make well and to trade fairly. To profit not alone in dollars but in the good will of those with whom we deal. To correct our errors. To improve our opportunities and to rear from the daily work a structure which shall be known for all that is best in business."

Thos. E. Wilson
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD



The Wilson label protects your table



Two ways to be happy...at 65°F



A pleasant thought: Just slip into a sweater with the pleasant knowledge that in holding your household temperature at 65° (lower at night) you're saving fuel needed by our war plants. The less you use, the more they get. So count on warm clothing to make 65° seem like 70°—then you make a real contribution toward shortening the war.



A perfect nightcap: You can still enjoy one of life's luxuries without a conscience qualm—the "velvety" highball you make with IMPERIAL whiskey. We say IMPERIAL in particular, for this famed blend is velvet-smooth—it has a mellowness that's delightful, an *extra* goodness. Yes, an IMPERIAL highball is just about the smoothest drink you've ever lifted to your lips.



IMPERIAL

*... "velvety" for
extra smoothness*

Imperial is Hiram Walker's blended whiskey. 86 proof. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

Life Visits Copacabana Beach (continued)



7 a.m.: Avenida Atlantica is empty, washed and beautiful in sunlight. Fort Copacabana shows dimly at far left; entrance to Copacabana Palace Hotel is at lower right.



Noon: Crowd is at peak. There are many sunbathers, strollers and drinkers (right center), few swimmers. Autos are American-made. Bicycles are fashionable in wartime.



7 p.m.: A string of lights curves along avenida in the dusk. Most of the beach crowd has gone home to dine; pedestrians are probably on their way to Copacabana Casino.

WE BET YOU 2 TO 1 ON YOUR NEXT SHAVE

**Either You Prefer a Mennen
Shave Cream to Your Present
Brand—or You Get this
Handsome Necktie**

● *Here's our proposition to you.* Instead of claims and fancy words we give you a bet on which we can lose, but which *you are bound to win.*

Get the Mennen Shave Cream you prefer (Lather or Brushless). Try one shave. See how much better it wilts those whiskers for real shaving comfort. Your razor will breeze along. Prove that Mennen gives you a cleaner shave so your face stays presentable longer.

You're Bound to Win

Either it does all this—OR simply send the empty carton back to us with a letter telling why you don't like Mennen, and we'll send you this handsome tie—without cost or obligation on your part.

So you win either way. Either you get better shaves for life—or you get a handsome necktie.

Surely this chance we take is *proof* that Mennen will win. So accept this 2 to 1 bet. Get Mennen Shave Cream—Lather or Brushless—today!

Bet expires March 31, 1945



MENNEN USERS—if you like Mennen Creams and want this tie, just shoot us an empty Mennen Shave Cream carton and \$1.00 (that's our cost—the tie retails for more) and we'll send you the tie.

MENNEN Shave Cream

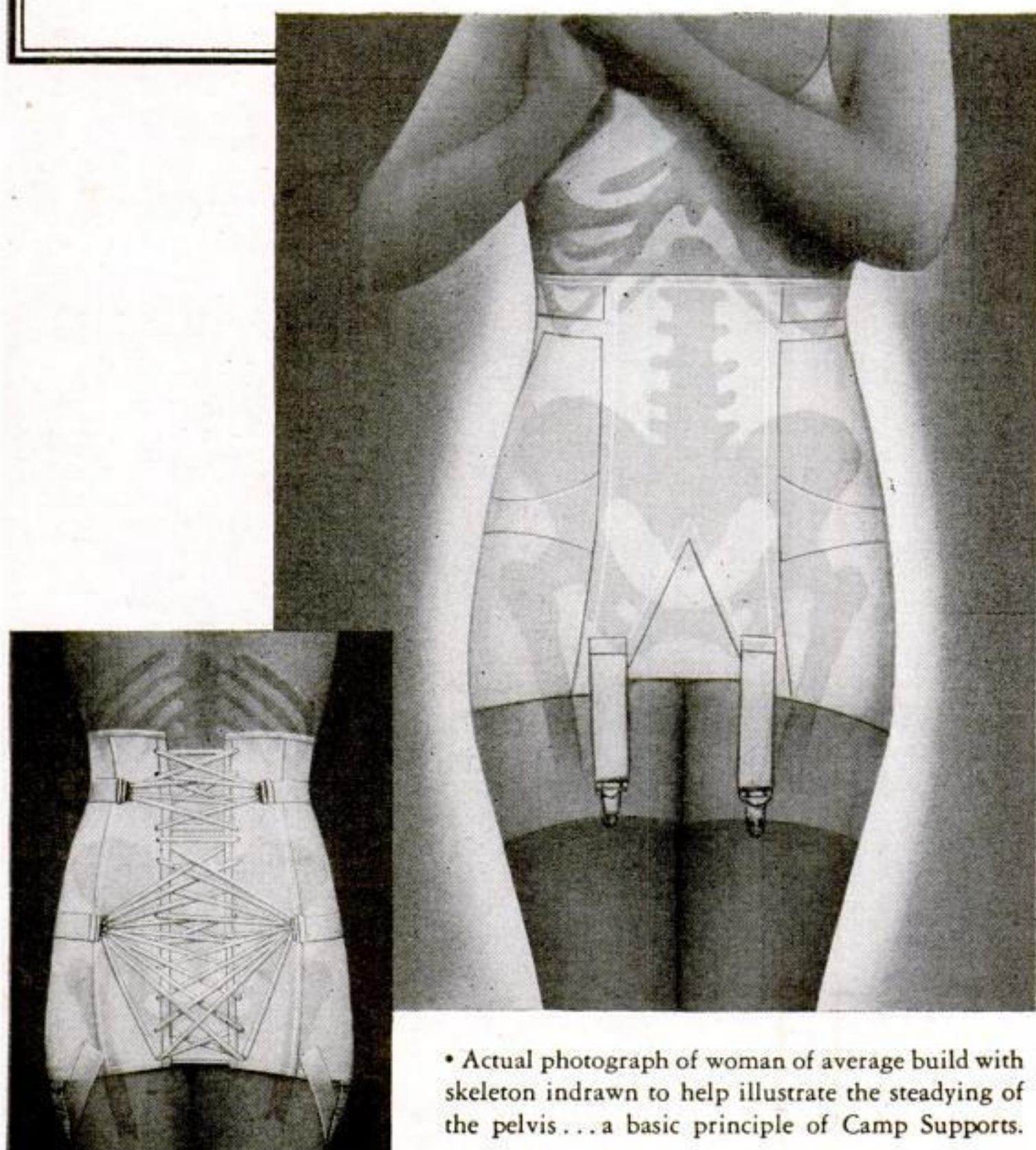
Take your Choice



- Lather Shave (Plain)
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After every shave COOL, SOOTHE, PROTECT your skin with amazing MENNEN SKIN BALM—Makes your face feel wonderful.

CAMP SUPPORTS are standard for exacting anatomical needs



• Actual photograph of woman of average build with skeleton indrawn to help illustrate the steadying of the pelvis... a basic principle of Camp Supports.

For over thirty years an increasing number of physicians and surgeons throughout the world have recognized the fundamental accomplishments in the design and construction of Camp Supports.

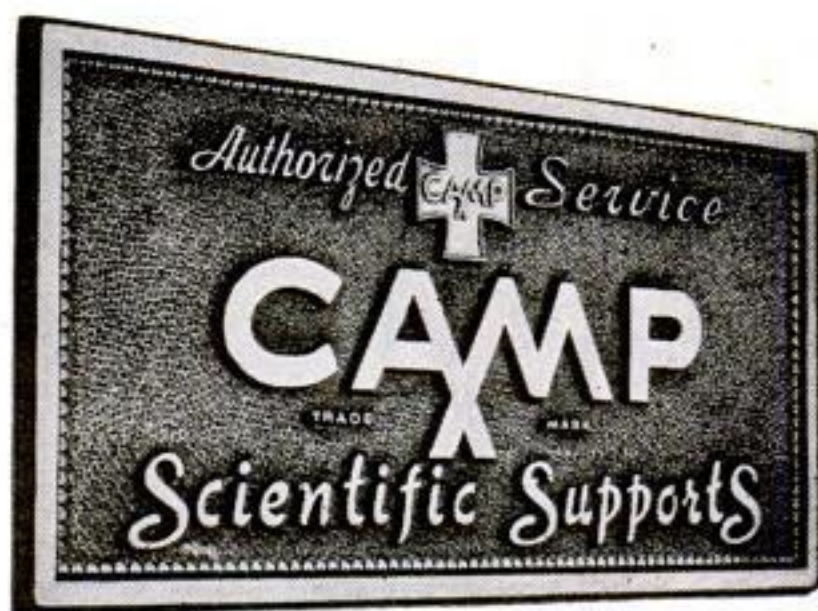
They are recommended and prescribed for Prenatal, Postnatal, Post-operative, Visceroptosis, Pendulous Abdomen, Orthopedic and other conditions.

No curative claims are ever made for Camp Supports. Their unique design

and construction afford maximum help in providing adequate support of the abdomen without compression; ability to secure varying degrees of firmness about the pelvis; ample support of the spinal column without pressure upon any portion, and support of the gluteal region.

It is for these reasons that Camp Supports prove a scientific aid to the achievement of anatomical requirements which contribute to improvement of posture and physical fitness.

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MODERN LIVING



Betty Grable searches through the contents (see below) of her alligator handbag.



Claudette Colbert keeps comparatively little equipment in her roomy handbag.

WOMEN CRAM HANDBAGS POCKETBOOKS GET BIGGER AS FEMININE NEED

Men are often frightened by what they see in women's handbags. Their reaction is easy to understand because in the last few years the simple purse has become enlarged to the proportions of a small satchel in order to hold everything the ladies want to put into it. The movie stars shown above differ from other handbag stuffers in that they are more famous. But aside from the fact that their purses hold sunglasses and cinema scripts



Grable's handbag contains her keys, manicure equipment, vanity case, chewing gum, cigaret-holder filters (next to cigarets). The two photographs are of her husband, Bandleader Harry James, and of their 10-month-old daughter Victoria Elizabeth.



Colbert's needs are modest and run to usual cosmetics. She carries a bicarbonate-of-soda bottle and keeps vitamin pills in it. One surprising item is a small pecan roll wrapped in wax paper. She always takes one with her to the set, eats it for breakfast.



Greer Garson, in costume for *Valley of Decision*, peers into large brown felt bag.



Lucille Ball carries brown felt bag made from same material as Greer Garson's.

FULL OF MANY ODD THINGS TO CARRY MORE OBJECTS AROUND INCREASES

instead of streetcar tokens and grocery bills, they might be any women. Toward everything they exhibit the same acquisitiveness which small boys generally confine to marbles or pack rats to shiny objects. Last spring women's collecting urge encouraged the creation of the most voluminous handbags in history. Shortages of materials have helped cut down the size a little since then but after the war they will probably be bigger than ever.



Garson's belongings comprise the most varied collection, including three make-up cases, three lipsticks, a knife with five blades, some extra buttons, letters, jewel case, money (\$2 in cash), smelling salts, a traveling clock, a movie script, a toothbrush.



Ball's possessions are limited mostly to cosmetics, including two shades of nail polish. The initials on her leather notebook (top left) stand for Lucille Arnaz. Lucille is married to Actor Desi Arnaz. She also carries a headache remedy (lower right).

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



It was Daniel Webster
who pronounced Old Crow
"The World's Finest
Whiskey"



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A Truly Great Name
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES
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The Old Crow Distillery is cooperating with the government alcohol program. We are doing our utmost to distribute our stocks to assure a continuous supply for the duration.

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 100 Proof

Toothsome Joe — Swing-shift Romeo



That great big beautiful smile has the girls' hearts palpitating! Because *super-fine* Pebeco cleans Joe's teeth better... clings to his brush while he polishes. Do his teeth *shine*! Who wouldn't smile?



He's wise to Pebeco's special combination of polishing agents. *Micro-fine*—non-abrasive... Pebeco Powder doesn't wash right away when you start to brush. Tastes zesty, too. Try it!

PEBECO PETE SAYS:

60% MORE POWDER
FOR YOUR MONEY
THAN AVERAGE OF
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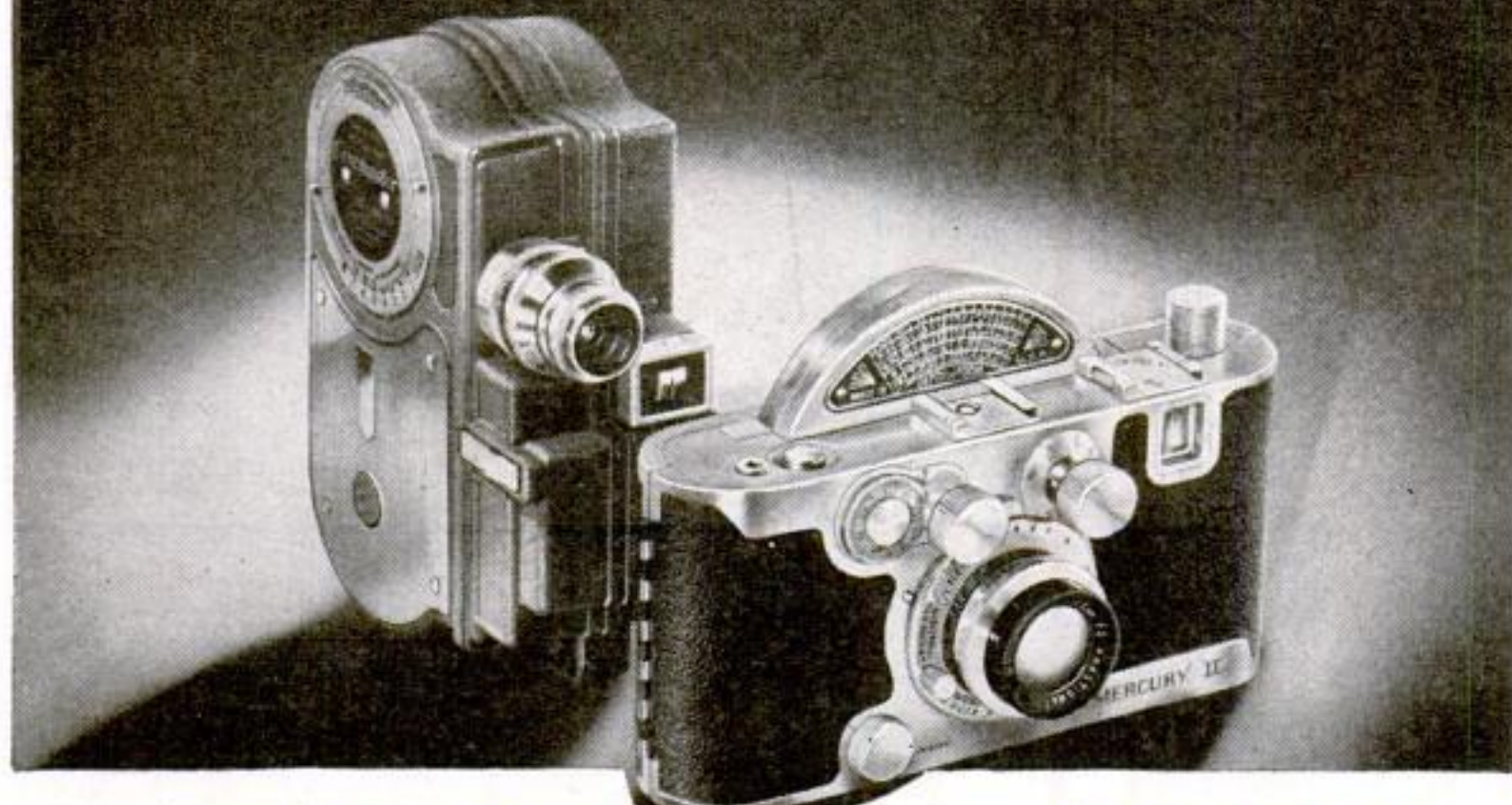
GIANT SIZE ONLY 25¢
Big 10¢ size, too



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Specially designed for new color films, it will give you shots that are clear and color-true in *every part of the picture* at a fraction of the usual cost. One of the fastest candid cameras, MERCURY II will use standard 35 mm. cartridges in color or black and white. Available when war work permits. Look for the Mercury name on a full line of fine photo equipment.

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Manufacturers of Mercury, Cinémaster, Corsair Cameras and Photographic Equipment

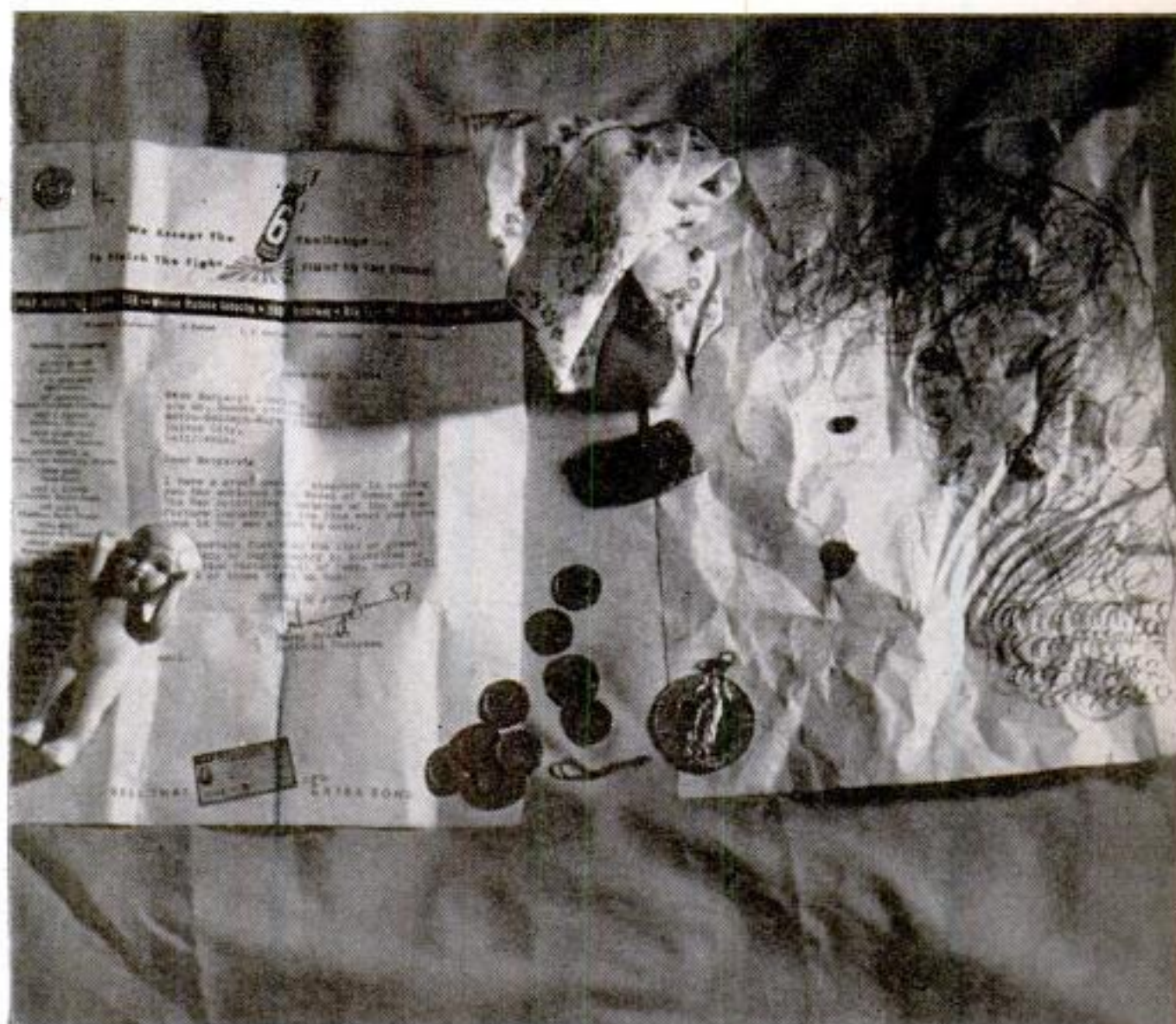
Handbags (continued)



Margaret O'Brien has small red leather purse with a shoulder strap attached.



Maria Montez carries a roomy handbag made of Persian lamb to match her hat.



O'Brien's possessions are almost Spartan-simple. Being only 8, she uses no cosmetics and confines her needs to a favorite doll, a congratulatory letter, a crumpled drawing, a good-luck charm, rubber band, an art-gum eraser and 13¢ in change.



Montez' possessions include calorie guide to help her keep her figure down, lighter that looks like a fish and pictures of her husband, Actor Jean Pierre Aumont, now with the French army. His portrait at right is inscribed, "To my wonderful love."



... may I urge you to hold on to
all the War Bonds you buy.

I.W. Harper



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I.W. HARPER

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the gold medal whiskey



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"Yeah, but who took you men to where you were going?
The Navy!"



"Okay, wise guy, but who went in and took over from there?
The Army!"

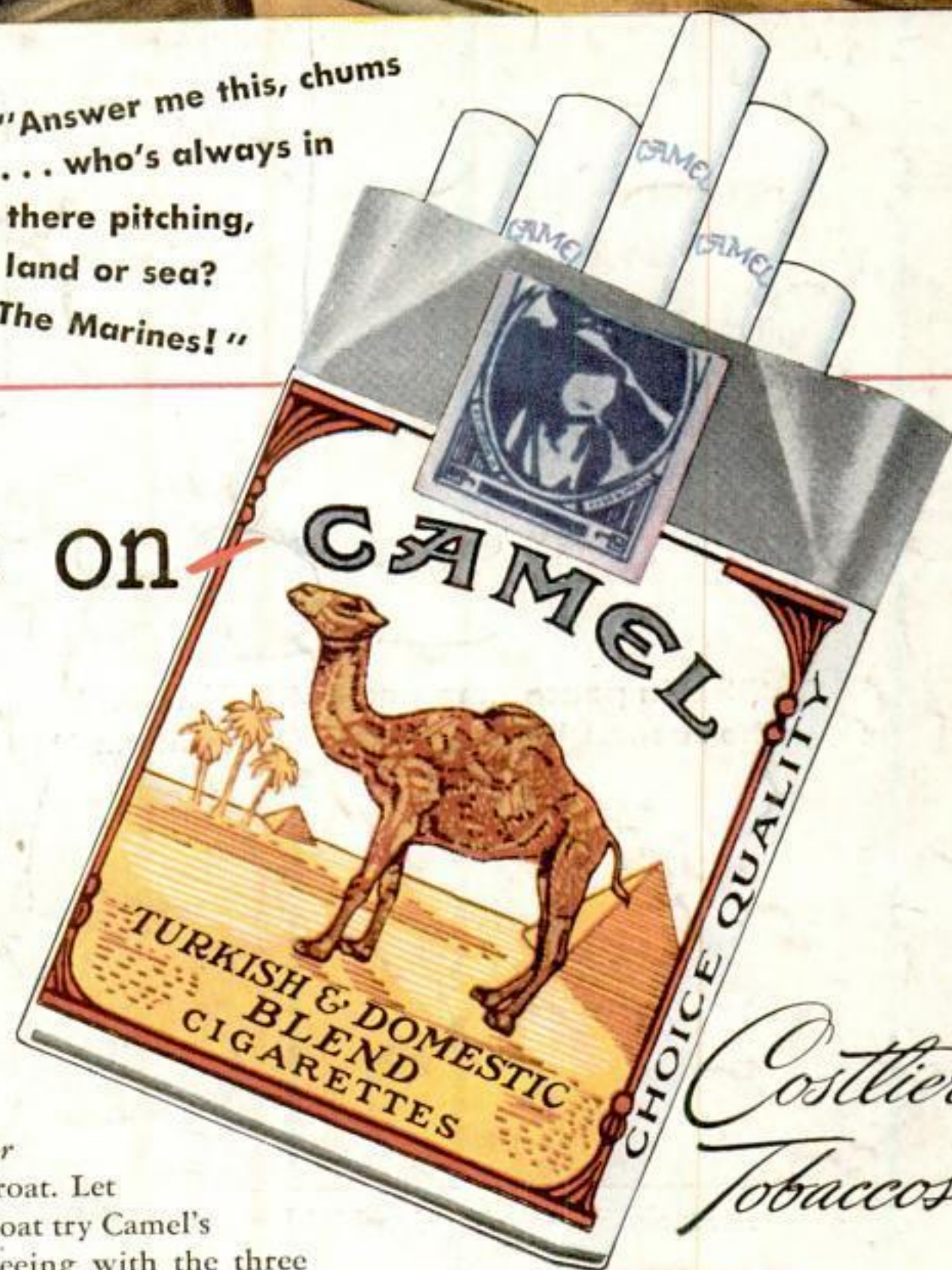


"Answer me this, chums ... who's always in there pitching, land or sea?
The Marines!"

... at least they all agree on

GET a "flatfoot" (that's a soldier's term for a sailor), a "gravel agitator" (in service language, that's an infantryman), and a "gyrene" (marine, to you) all together and they'll sound off about anything and everything under the sun. But one thing they'll agree on ... that pack you find in their pockets.

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